THE LAND WE LOVE.

No. II. DECEMBER, 1867. Vol. IV.

SKETCH OF THE 1ST KENTUCKY BRIGADE.

In the general history which will go down to posterity of such immense bodies of men as were gathered under the banners of the Confederate States of America, it is not likely that more than a brief and cursory reference can or will be made to the services of so small a force as composed the First Kentucky Brigade. Yet the anomalous position which it occupied, in regard to the revolution, in having revolted against both State and Federal authority, exiling itself from home, from fortune, from kindred, and from friends—abandoning every thing which makes life desirable save honor, gave it an individuality which cannot fail to attract the attention of the calm student, who, in coming years, traces the progress of the mighty social convulsion in which it acted no ignoble part. The State, too, from which it came, whatever may be its destiny or its ultimate fate, will remember, with melancholy and mournful interest, not perhaps unmingled with remorse, the career of that gallant band of men, who, of all the thousands in its borders inheriting the proud name and lofty fame of Kentuckians, stood forth fearlessly by deeds to express the sentiments of an undoubted majority of her people—disapprobation of wrong and tyranny. Children now in their cradles, youths as yet unborn, will enquire, with an earnest eagerness which volumes of recital can not satisfy, how their countrymen demeaned themselves in the fierce ordeal which they had elected as the test of their patriotism—how they bore themselves on the march, and in the bivouac, how in the trials of the long and sad retreat—how amid the wild carnage of the stricken field. Fair daughters of the State will oftentimes, even amid the rigid censorship which forbids utterance of words, love to come in thought and linger about the lonely graves where the men of the Kentucky Brigade sleep, wrapped in no

winding sheets save their battle clothes, beneath no monuments save the trees of the forest torn and mutilated by the iron storm, in which the slumberers met death. It has seemed to me not improper therefore that the story should be told by one possessing peculiar facilities for acquiring knowledge of the movements of detached portions of the force, and who, in the capacity of a staff officer, under the directions of its General, issued every order and participated in every movement of the brigade, who had not only the opportunity but the desire to do justice to all who composed it, from him who bore worthily the truncheon of the General, to those who not less worthily in their places bore their muskets as privates. A deep interest will always be felt in the history of the effort which was made, by men strong in their faith in the correctness of republican forms of government, notwithstanding the tyranny which the great experiment in the United States had culminated in, to reconstruct from the shattered fragments of free institutions upon which the armies of the Federal power were trampling, a social and political fabric, under the shelter of which they and their posterity might enjoy the rights of freemen. When the first seven Southern States seceded and President Lincoln took the initial steps to coerce them, the Legislature of Kentucky, by an almost unanimous vote of the House of Representatives, declared that any attempt to do so by marching troops over her soil would be resisted to the last extremity. The Governor had refused to respond to the call of the Executive for troops for this purpose. The Legislature approved his course. But here unanimity ceased: effort after effort was made in the Legislature to provide for the call of a sovereignty convention. The majority steadily resisted it. As a compromise, the neutrality of the State was assumed, acquiesced in by the sympathizers with the North because they intended to violate it when the occasion was ripe; acquiesced in by the Southern men because while their impulses all prompted them to make common cause with their Southern brethren, they believed that the neutrality of the State in presenting an effective barrier of seven hundred miles of frontier between the South and invasion, offered her more efficient assistance than the most active coöperation could have done. The Legislature adjourned; the canvass commenced for a new General Assembly; delegates were elected pledged to strict neutrality; the Northern sympathizers had been vigorous, active, and energetic, and unscrupulous. They had in every county organized "Home Guards;" arms were, by their connivance, introduced by the Federal government in large quantities. On the 1st Monday in September the Legislature met, the mask was thrown off; neutrality was scouted; troops were openly levied for the Northern army, and the outraged Southern men revolted.

Early in the summer of 1861, bodies of the young men of the State had repaired to Camp Boone,

in Tennessee, near the Kentucky line, where were forming regiments to be mustered into the Service of the Confederate States. Most of these had been previously members of the State Guard of Kentucky, and consequently had enjoyed the advantage of systematic and scientific drill, they were rapidly organized into three regiments of infantry, known as the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Kentucky regiments of volunteers, the 2nd having as its Colonel, J. M. Hawes, recently an officer of the United States Army, but who with a devotion which almost invariably manifested itself among the officers of Southern birth, promptly and cheerfully gave up the advantages of a certain and fixed position in a regularly organized army, to offer his sword and military knowledge to the cause of Southern independence. He was soon succeeded by Colonel Roger Hanson;the 3rd had as its Colonel, Lloyd Tighlman, the 4th Robert P. Trabue. Colonel Tighlman before his regiment was actively in service, was made a Brigadier, and its Lieut. Colonel, Thompson, succeeded to the Colonelcy. These three regiments formed the nucleus of a brigade, to the command of which, Brigadier General S. B. Buckner, recently Inspector General and active commander of the Kentucky State Guard, was assigned by President Davis. To this command were afterwards added the 5th Kentucky, commanded by Col. Thomas Hunt, the 6th commanded by Colonel Joseph Lewis, Cobb's battery and Byrnes' battery of artillery.

On the 17th of September, 1861, General Buckner, with some Tennessee troops and the Kentucky regiments, moved to Bowling Green, in Kentucky, and occupied it, fortifying it and fitting it for the base of active operations of the Confederate armies in Kentucky, which it became for some months. One regiment of infantry and a battery of artillery was thrown forward to the bridge on Green River, under command of Colonel Hawes; the bridge shortly after was burned by the Confederate troops. Captain John Morgan a few days subsequently to this reached this command with one hundred men from the interior of Kentucky. These men were mounted, to serve as scouts, and here commenced that career which afterwards gained for their fearless leader a continental reputation as a bold, daring and effective partisan officer. Few men indeed, with means so limited, and in the midst of movements so grand and stupendous that the career of general officers have been lost sight of, have won such a name and reputation. Of a mild and unassuming demeanor, gentle and affable in his manners, handsome in person, and possessed of all that polish of address which is supposed to best qualify men for the drawing room and parlor, no enterprise however dangerous, no reconnoisance however tiresome and wearying could daunt his spirits or deter him from his purpose. For months, with his handful of men, he swept the northern bank of Green River, cutting off the supplies of the enemy, destroying bridges necessary for their transportation,

capturing their pickets, and harassing their flanks, moving with a celerity and secrecy which defied pursuit or detection. No commander of a detached post or guard of the enemy could flatter himself that distance from Bowling Green or disagreeableness of weather could protect him from a visit from Morgan. He was liable to be called upon at any hour, in any weather, or at any point beyond the intrenched camps of the Federal army. The earth might be soaked with the rain, which for days had been falling, the roads might be impassable, the Green and Barren Rivers with their tributaries might be swollen far beyond their banks, but over that earth and across those rivers, when least expected, came Morgan as with the swoop of an eagle, and after destroying the munitions of the enemy, or capturing his guards, was away again, leaving behind him a polite note intimating he would call again soon, or perhaps telegraphing a dispatch to the nearest Federal commander, giving him full and precise particulars of the movements he had just made, and most provoking details of the damage he had just committed.—Long after the Confederate army had retired from Kentucky, when the entire State was in undisputed possession of the Northern armies, many a Southern sympathizer found immunity and protection from maltreatment and outrage by the significant threat that Morgan would visit that neighborhood soon; and indeed during the disastrous retreat from Nashville, the tireless partisan passing through eastern Tennessee and Kentucky far in the rear of the Federal army, fell upon their train at Gallatin, Tennessee, and lit up the spirits of the despondent Tennesseans by one of his bold and daring strokes.—Even when the Southern army had passed the Tennessee River, when every available soldier of the South was supposed to be at Corinth to meet the overwhelming hosts of the invader, Morgan gathering three or four hundred of his men, re-crossed the River, fell upon the railroad train, at Athens, Alabama, captured two hundred and eighty prisoners and destroyed the cars. Ambushed, defeated, cut to pieces and routed by greatly superior forces a few days afterwards, hardly had the news reached Louisville of his disaster, when collecting two hundred of his scattered command, he fell like a thunderbolt upon the railroad train at Cave City, in the centre of Kentucky, capturing many prisoners, thousands of dollars in money, and destroying forty-three baggage cars laden with the enemy's stores.

Early in November, 1861, the Hon. John C. Breckinridge arrived at Bowling Green, when he resigned his seat as Senator from Kentucky, in the Federal Congress, and was immediately commissioned as Brigadier General and assigned to the command of the Kentucky Brigade, General Buckner assuming command of a division of which the Kentucky brigade was a component part. He assumed command on the 16th of November. Having as his Chief of Staff and A. A. General,

Captain George B. Hodge and Aid-de-Camp Thomas T. Hawkin. The brigade was ordered to Oakland Station on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, where, in connection with Hindman's brigade, it remained in observation of the movements of the enemy on the North Bank of the Green River, who was known to be in great force at Munfordsville, and in his cantonments extending back towards Elizabethtown, and was supposed to be only waiting the completion of the Green River bridge, which he was repairing, to advance his entire column, estimated at 80,000 men, on Bowling Green and Nashville. Behind the curtain of the brigades of Hindman and Breckinridge, Gen. Johnston was rapidly pushing on the fortifications at Bowling Green, and by the latter part of January, 1862, they had become quite formidable.

It had, however, become doubtful whether the enemy would attempt the passage of the Green River. It was certain if he did so, his true attack would be developed in a flank movement, by way of Glasgow and Scottsville on Nashville, while there was left him the alternative of massing his troops at Paducah, then in his possession, and availing himself of his enormous supplies of water transportation, of moving by the Tennessee and Cumberland Rivers on Forts Henry and Donelson, by a successful attack on those works, turning the flank of the Confederate forces at Bowling Green, opening the way to Nashville, and possibly enabling him to interpose between the Southern armies and their base of operations. To guard against this latter movement, the divisions of Generals Floyd and Pillow and a portion of the division of General Buckner, were, about the 20th of January, moved by way of Clarksville, to the support of Donelson. With this force marched the 2nd Kentucky regiment, which, after covering itself with imperishable glory in the terrible combat, of three days, at Fort Donelson, was on the 16th of February, surrendered to the enemy, and passing into captivity, ceased to participate in the campaign of the Spring and Summer of 1862.

By the 10th of February, definite information had been obtained, by General Johnston, of the movements of the enemy. He was convinced that an overpowering force had moved upon Forts Donelson and Henry; that a heavy column was pursuing Crittenden, after defeating and routing him, at Fishing Creek, threatening Nashville on that flank, and that a force almost as large as the Confederate force at Bowling Green was held in hand by the enemy to be poured across Green River and attack him in front, while the two bodies on his right and left united at Nashville and closed upon his rear. With the promptness and decision which characterized his high and serenely courageous mind, General Johnston determined to retire from Bowling Green and fall back on Nashville, where, uniting with the garrisons and troops in defense of Forts Donelson and Henry, should those places be

found to be untenable, he could hold the divisions of the Federal General Grant in check, while he went to the assistance of Crittenden, and crushed the Federal column advancing by way of Cumberland Gap. The fortifications of Bowling Green were with every expedition dismantled, the government stores shipped as rapidly as possible to Nashville, and on the 9th of February, an order was issued by Major General Hardee, commanding the central army of Kentucky, directing Generals Hindman and Breckinridge to repass the Barren River and be in Bowling Green by the night of the 10th. The admirable discipline which Gen. Breckinridge had exercised and maintained in and over his command, enabled him to comply promptly with the order, without confusion and with no loss of stores, equipments, or supplies. His brigade marching at 8 o'clock a. m., on the 10th passed Barren River bridge at 3 p. m., and bivouacked three miles south of Bowling Green for the night.—Hindman being farther in the rear, lost a few of his scouts and had hardly time to blow up the bridges over Barren River when the head of the enemy's column came into sight and immediately commenced shelling the Railroad depot and that portion of the track on which were lying the freight trains. These they succeeded in firing finally.

When the retreat of the army commenced, Breckinridge's brigade was constituted the rear guard, Gen. Hardee, however, being still in rear with the cavalry and light artillery. Notwithstanding the fact that cold, freezing and intensely inclement weather set in, notwithstanding the fact that evidences of the demoralization which a retreat in the presence of an enemy always produces were too apparent in many divisions of the army, yet the soldierly manner in which Breckinridge brought off his brigade, losing not a straggler from the ranks, not a musket or a tent, speaks more creditably for him and for them than the recital perhaps of their deeds of daring in the field could do.

In truth, history records no sadder tale than the retreat of the Kentuckians from their native State. For the rest of the army there was yet hope. Far to the South lay their homesteads, and their families rested still in security; between those homesteads and those families and the advancing foe were innumerable places where battle might be successfully offered, or where at least the sons of the South might rear a rampart of their bodies over which the invader could not pass; time, political complications, mutations of fortune to which the most successful commanders are liable, might at any time transform the triumph of the Northmen into disaster and defeat. Months must elapse before the advancing columns of the enemy could reach the South, and ere that time arrived pestilence and malarious disease would amid the fens and swamps of the gulf States be crouching in their lair ready to issue forth and grapple with the rash intruders from a more salu-

brious clime. But for the Kentuckians all was apparently lost. Behind their retiring regiments were the graves of their fathers, and hearthstones, about which clustered every happy memory of their childhood—there in the possession of the invader were the rooftrees beneath which were gathered wives who, with a wifely smile gleaming even through their tears, had bidden their husbands go forth to do battle for the right, promising to greet them with glad hearts when they returned in the hour of triumph; there were the fair faces which for many in that band had made the starlight of their young lives; there were young and helpless children, for whom the future promised but suffering, poverty, destitution and want; there too were the thousands who had with anxious and waiting hearts, groaning beneath the yoke of the oppressor, counted the hours until the footsteps of their deliverers should be heard. On the 13th of February, the brigade crossed the line between Kentucky and Tennessee; a night in which rain and sleet fell incessantly was succeeded by a day of intense and bitter cold. Every thing, which could contribute to crush the spirits and weaken the nerves of men, seemed to have combined. But for those dauntless hearts, the bitterness of sacrifice, the weakness of doubt and uncertainty had passed, when by a common impulse, the General, his staff, and the field officers dismounted, and placing themselves on foot at the head of the column, with sad and solemn countenances but with erect and soldierly bearing, marched for hours in the advance: and then was observed, for the first time in that brigade, through every grade and every rank, the look of high resolve and stern fortitude, which, amid all the vicissitudes of its fortunes characterized the appearance of its members, and attracted the attention and comment of observers in every State through which it passed. Henceforth for them petty physical discomforts, inconveniences of position, annoyances of inclement weather, scantiness of supplies, rudeness of fare were nothing, they felt that they could not pass away until a great day should come which they looked forward to with unshaken confidence, and with patient watchfulness. They might never again dispense in their loved native State the generous hospitality which had become renowned through out the continent; what remained to them of life might be passed in penury and in exile. Their countrymen might never know how they had lived or where they had died—venal historians might even teach the rising generation to brand their memories with the stigma of treason and shame, but a day was yet to come of the triumph of which they felt they could not be deprived; days, weeks, months might elapse, they could bide their time. State after State might have to be traversed, great rivers might have to be passed, mountain ranges surmounted, hunger and thirst endured, but the day and the hour would surely come when with serried ranks they should meet the foe, and their hearts burning with the memory

of inexpiable wrongs, should, in oning for all they had endured the presence of the God of battles, and all they had suffered. demand and exact a terrible reck-

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"MAKE TREASON ODIOUS."

"Sir William Wallace and the Maid of Orleans perished on the scaffold, loaded with every badge of ignominy, and mocked with every insult which scorn and hate could utter. What names in history are now more illustrious than these?"—*Anon.*

"Make treason odious!" make the sparks
Fly downward to the earth—
Make rivers re-ascend the hills
In which their springs had birth—
Make the Blue Mountains bow their heads
At Seward's little bell—
Make Lee and Jackson infamous
Like Wallace and like Tell:—

Reverse th' Omnipotent decree
And wash the negro white—
Raze out the written rolls of Time—
Quench God's eternal light—
Then hope—but not till then—to hide
The truth from mortal eye—
To blacken those immortal names
That were not born to die.

The hero of the eastern tale
Toiled on his mountain path,
Deaf to the voices that arose
In ribaldry and wrath;—
And thus the noble of the earth,
Whose goal is fixed on high,
Despising false and foul reproach,
Shall mount beyond the sky.

UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION OF 1867.

[Correspondence of "The Land we Love."]

In the great Exposition which opens to us the interesting panorama of the comparative civilization of the different countries of the globe, we have before us the latest of those great fairs, which the world has ever delighted to indulge in, and which appear almost to lose their origin in antiquity. Indeed, were we to search for the primary examples of these great gatherings, we would have to go far into the pages of ancient history; for what were the great, and from all accounts, magnificent markets of the people on the Mediterranean littoral, the bazaars of Tyre and Carthage, where were spread the rude, but still marvellously rich works of those times, but Expositions? The games, too, of the Greeks and Romans, although exclusively national; were they not as much a scene of the rivalry of artisans and their products, as of the physical or intellectual aspirants? At a later period, when Rome was in the brilliant days of her civilization, her Expositions became of a more general character; other nations were admitted, and historians tell us of pearls and precious stones, of tropical woods and curious wares from strange lands; of ornaments wrought by the cunning hands of oriental workmen, as well as of arms and warlike appliances, in fact, whatever was useful, curious or agreeable. In the middle ages, with all their relapse into barbarism, this taste was still more strongly marked, as witness those vast fairs held in the great cities of Europe; Expositions, where caravans at the greatest risks, on roads frequented by robbers, or held by the scarcely less lawless feudal monarchs of those times, brought the products of all the then accessible countries for competition: where all repaired who wished to see what was new, or to procure the productions of renowned artists who were probably better known by their works than are ours by their gold and silver medals. Descending, however, to those periods nearer our own, and examining the records of modern times; we find that although nearly every country, nay almost every little state, holds its yearly or periodical exposition of local or mayhap neighboring products, yet only England and France have up to the present day, attempted the organization of those expositions that are termed "Universal," or sometimes, and it seems very proper, "World's Fairs." Commencing chronologically, it is to England that appertains the honor of having instituted the expositions of our days, the first having been held in London, in the spring of 1851. The revolution of 1848 had ended, Europe was for the time at peace, and public attention turned toward the ad-

vancement of commerce and the different industries; the necessity for which was so severely felt and ardently longed for in France; profiting as she had under the quiet reign of Louis Philippe: she therefore hastened with pleasure to coöperate in the proposal of England. The building erected for the purpose, in one of the large parks in London, offered to the exhibitors a surface of more than 100,000 square yards; comprising in a first and second story the largest surface under any one roof up to that day: and for the number of exhibitors who offered, it was ample. France followed the example thus given, in 1855, and constructed for the purpose of the exposition, the permanent palace of the Champs Elysées; with which every visitor to Paris is acquainted. This building offered in its two stories a surface of more than 60,000 sqnare yards, which was deemed sufficient, as the Crimean war, it was thought, would prevent a large number of persons from presenting their products; they being absorbed in the manufactory of military stores. The demands for space, however, were so numerous that the government, under whose patronage the exposition was given, found itself obliged to construct an annexation of about 30,000 square yards, making a total of nearly 90,000 square yards: this annexation being temporary was torn down at the close of the exposition. Alternating with Paris, London, in 1862, invited the world to the third of these great international gatherings, and warned by the example of Paris in 1855, constructed a building containing a surface of 130,000 square yards, a provision that was deemed ample, but the public having learned to appreciate the advantages of this international rivalship, the demands for space overflowed and necessitated the closest possible arrangement of the articles, as they had made no arrangement for annexation.—Thus it seems from the constant aggrandizement of the expositions of 1851-55-62 that the taste for them, as well as the appreciation of the advantages offered are decidedly on the increase. Yet we must not suppose that this constant aggrandizement is due solely to a larger number of exhibitors, but also, and in no small degree, to the greater number of articles exposed, and to the increase in the size and quantity of machinery placed on exhibition, and which to-day is the nucleus around which the other and accessory parts gather. The readiness of all nations to send forward produce, and to enter the lists of national competition being now well established, France again, in 1867, offers them the opportunity, by naming the point of reunion, arranging a building suitable for the purpose, and providing all the necessary appendages, such as we see them to-day and which form the magnificent picture unrolled to us on the Champ de Mars.

This exposition was decided by an Imperial decree dated the 22nd of June, 1863, rendered on the proposition of M. Rouher then "Minister of Agriculture, Commerce and Public Works," (now Minister of State) and resumes as

follows: "That an exposition (I believe that it is to this decree that we owe the word exposition as applied to-day) shall be held in Paris in the year 1867. 2nd. That it shall be more completely universal than the preceeding, and that to this effect it shall contain as far as possible the works of art of all countries, and in general the manifestations of all branches of human industry. 3rd. That notice of this exposition be immediately made public, in order that all nations, even those farthest off may have time to prepare for it." A second decree dated February 1st, 1865, instituted an "Imperial Commission" under the presidency of Prince Napoleon, and which was charged with the organization and direction of the exposition of 1867. In regard to this commission, I will content myself by saying that it was formed of 61 members, comprising different ministers, senators, and the chiefs of some of the first manufacturing establishments in France. Among its members, we find the names of three well known Englishmen—Lord Granville, President of the Privy Council; Lord Cowley, the British Ambassador at Paris, and Richard Cobden, the Economist: "the English," as says the decree by which the commission was established, "being the only people, who, up to the present time, have engaged in these sorts of enterprises, and among whom can be found persons possessing the necessary knowledge, and the traditions of the expositions that have taken place in other countries."

A word now on the manner in which the enterprise was financially organized; it is, as everything else of any importance in France, partly private and partly governmental. The costs were estimated at about 20,000,000 francs, of which the government agreed to furnish 6,000,000 francs and the city of Paris 6,000,000 more; leaving 8,000,000 to be subscribed by the public; the government choosing from among the subscribers 16 persons to be guaranties for the amount of the subscriptions. The 12,000,000 advanced by the State and City are to be reimbursed integrally, and any loss that may occur falls solely on the subscribers.

The President of the Imperial Commission, Prince Napoleon, by reason of certain differences between the Emperor and himself, resigned his position and the Prince Imperial was appointed in his stead; an appointment evidently honorary, since he is but a boy. M. Le Play, an Engineer-in-Chief of the Imperial Corps of Mining Engineers, was appointed Commissioner General, a post that he had filled with much credit to himself, for the French section of the Exhibition of 1862 at London. Thus the machinery was all organized and the motive power—money—provided, so that it only became necessary to set the system to work, to produce, as was expected, marvellous results.—But before anything could be done, it was necessary to resolve several important questions. Where should the exposition be placed, what should be its form, style, size, etc.? Experience had taught that it would have to be very large,

and consequently it would be difficult to find a suitable piece of ground within the city, while if placed in the environs, there would be one more question to complicate the problem, viz: transportation. Finally, however, the Commission decided on the Champ de Mars, a large open field lying just on the out-skirts of the city, on the banks of the Seine, and consequently accessible both by land and water, and also by a branch of the circular railway, running around the city, and which has rendered great services. The Champ de Mars lies on the left bank of the Seine, in front of the Military School of St. Cyr, and has, as its name would imply, been heretofore the field for military reviews, etc. However well adapted for the exposition, its immense surface of more than 500,000 square yards, required much arrangement before it would be suitable for its new destination. The principal operation was to render it level, or nearly so; this necessitated an enormous amount of filling up, which was done by railroads transporting the earth from excavations made in a hill (the Trocadero) situated directly opposite, and on the other bank of the Seine. This hill, or rather this side of an immense table, on the summit of which the Arc de Triomphe (barriére de l'Etoile) is built, was thus reduced to a beautiful slope, which was immediately turfed, planted, ornamented, and down the side of which, directly in front of the main entrance to the Exposition, was cut a gigantic flight of steps, probably a hundred feet wide by ten feet of tread. The Exposition was commenced, however, as soon as the Champ de Mars was leveled and the whole was finished about the same time. However, the situation having been described, let us continue our account of the building proper: Its size was fixed at about 160,000 square yards, and its form, architecture, etc., determined on the following considerations. In the Expositions of '55-'62, it was proved by experience, that a second story was very fatiguing to the visitors, hence it was determined to have the present but one story high: next it was determined to arrange the articles exposed, in galleries, each of which would contain the same class throughout its whole length; this was obtained by creating a series of concentric galleries, ten in number, corresponding to the divisions established in the articles exposed.—The division by nations, which it was also important to realize, was obtained by dividing the ellipse, (the form given to the concentric galleries) into *sectors*, by streets running from the periphery towards the center or the foci; the surfaces of these sectors were proportioned to the supposed wants of the nation to which they were assigned, each one receiving by this mode of division a proper proportion of the ten galleries. In point of arrangement this appeared to be excellent, as in going the round of any gallery we see always the same class of productions, while we pass from nation to nation, and are enabled to judge and compare with advantage. The greatest

difficulty was to realize, with the form adopted, any architectural effect, and here is the first failure that we have to note; for this immense construction in sheet iron, this "gasometer," as it is called, is as devoid of grace and pleasing effects in its form, either internally or externally, as can well be imagined.—Many comparisons have been made at its expense, but, aside from its vulgarity, decidedly the most apt was that of some one who called it a "big spittoon," the uncovered portion in the center being the garden and the low height compared to its immense surface completing the comparison—a comparison which though calculated to furnish a good idea of its form, I would not have repeated, save that I felt in a degree authorized by the high position of the person to whom I heard it accredited. That my readers may figure to themselves this immense elliptical building, situated in one corner of the Champ de Mars, almost on the banks of the Seine, covered by roofs thrown from partition to partition, save at the center, where there is a garden, and he will have an idea of the nucleus of that exposition which we will proceed to describe in our succeeding letters.

EXPENSE OF REGISTRATION AND MILITARY OCCUPANCY OF THE SOUTH.

THE expenses of registration in Arkansas are estimated at about a million of dollars. It is said that, if the expenses of registration in all the other Southern States are in the same proportion, the total cost of registration alone—a matter got up in the negro interest—will be full fifteen millions, if not more—all to come from the Federal Government. And then the elections, which have never heretofore cost the Government a dollar, will, when conducted throughout the Southern States upon the Congressional plan, be not less than five millions more; so that for registration and elections, wholly new sources of Federal expense, the amount will be twenty millions, or upward. Then the cost of the troops that are thought necessary to secure the requisite submission of the Southern people to all the forms and manifestations of tyranny practiced and to be practiced, will, for the present year, amount to forty-five millions, making in all, for the three named items, sixty-five millions. And there's the huge and horrid Freedmen's Bureau—what is the expense of that? Sixty millions a year, at least; so that, for the four negro items indicated, we have the startling sum of a hundred and thirty millions. And divers other items might be named, raising the enormous and vast pile considerably further up towards the sky.—*Louisville Journal.*

SHOT THRO' THE HEART.

In memory of Lieut. John R. Porter, of the C. S. Army, who fell at the battle of Franklin, November 30th, 1865.

Across the brown and wintry moor
Borne on the soft wind's wing,
The weird sweet chords of a New Year's song
Are struck by the coming Spring—
Ah, would 'twere last year's Spring!

Under the leaves the violet bends
Laden with scented breath;
Do they bend and blow thus sweetly where
The wooing air is Death?
Can flowers bloom in death?

Out in a bridal robe of white,
Sweet hawthorne decks the lane—
Who tuned the windharp's thrilling string
To the sad low minor strain?
Hark, that sad minor strain!

I think as I see the whitening bloom
Drift down in a fleecy cloud,
Not of the mist of bridal veils
But the chill of an icy shroud—
Snow is the soldier's shroud!

There's a whisper of crocus and hyacinth
Where fancies watch their birth,
Methinks like little white babes they'd lie
Still-born on the mother earth—
Dead babes on the mother earth.

Where the dear warm blood flowed out so free
Did the wild wind steal its moans?
It fills me with anguish of unshed tears
'Tis the Banshee's shivering groans!
List, it shivers and sobs and groans!

Oh spirit of sorrow, Banshee white!
Wail on, for I cannot sleep;
Coldness and darkness cover me,
The vigil of woe I keep—
Pale woe, her watch must keep.

Onward and onward the heroes went,
Downward and downward to fall;
Not half of the men who went to the front
Can answer the muster call—
They went at the Master's call.

Thousands of fathers, mothers, and wives,
Brothers and sisters to weep!
Thousands of mounds on the battle field
Thousands of men asleep—
Oh death-white, breathless sleep!

In the long, long march, did he teach the men
With his weary bleeding feet?
Was his dear face cold in the pelting rain
Or numbed by the blinding sleet?
Barefoot through the blinding sleet!

Was he pale from the pain, the hunger pain?
Or did he step proud and strong,
To the onward note from the bugler's throat
When the boys cheered loud and long?
Oh the march was long, so long!

Where, where is the sword whose gleaming blade
Flashed up against the sky?
And wrote in a broad, white steady line
How Southern men can die!
Thus martyrs grandly die!

Ho! Walthall's men and Brantley's line
His children shall be free!
His sword shall—hush, poor heart, alas!
His cause still sleeps—ah me!
God pity it and me!

But the steel was good and bore the marks
Of many a victory won,
Then let me save the honored blade
To show my brother's son!
He lives in his infant son.

"Shot through the heart!" my own stands still
With its breaking, breaking pain!
All, all grows dark but the words of fire
That burn my reeling brain—
Rent heart and aching brain!

Who sprang to his side in the foremost ranks
And over him bent the knee,
To smooth from his brow the dark soft hair
And kiss him once for me?
Who kissed his dear lips for me?

Kind stranger guard that sacred spot,
He died to free *thy* land;
You'll find his name on rude head board
Carved there by pitying hand—
God bless that soldier's hand!

We've watched and nursed *your* dying ones
Have wreathed *their* graves with flowers,
Will any gentle hand thus wreathe
That holy mound of *ours?*
Oh shield that grave of *ours!*

Ah the parching thirst and numbing cold
And the hunger pains are o'er;
The weary feet fresh sandalled now
Rest on the golden shore!
Fair, God-lit, healing shore!

Far from Earth's shadows and sorrows
Pierceth the spirit sight;
Foreheads are bound in glory
Bathed in eternal light—
Oh blinding, glory-light!

Young life, young strength and beauty
Beam from the shining shore;

Thank God for hope of Heaven,
Thank God, we'll meet once more—
Loved ones, we'll meet once more!

Untrammelled as the Spring's new bloom
Reborn, he bursts the sod;
To join the marshaled hosts on high
Who plead our cause with God—
Oh hear them mercy's God!

In his thread-bare suit, with its honor stains,
They laid him down to rest;
Did they fold our Flag with its cross of stars
On my poor, dead brother's breast?
That dear, dear bleeding breast!

Oh say that I'm mad or dreaming,
That joy will come once more!
Then the summer woods of the South-land
May leaf as they leaved of yore!
With life they sprung of yore.

Then the hills may don their arabesque,
And the Arcenceil may shine,
While the rose on the cheeks of the blushing year
Woos the roses back to mine—
The roses have died on mine!

No, spring will flower, and summer fruit
And Fall sheaves gild the ground;
But the sad wind song the Banshee sings
Will haunt the whole year round!
Dark winter, the whole year round.

Down in the glen the dog-wood white
By the maple's living red,
But brings to mind the cold, cold sheet
That shrouds the bleeding dead—
Snow shrouds our Darling Dead!

Oh! weary winter has almost gone,
With its Christmas berries swung;
They seem great drops of human blood
From human anguish wrung!
Oh God, our hearts are wrung!

Killed outright! Most wretched dream,
When, when will I awake?
If the words ring on, thus wildly on,
My tortured heart must break—
Gold help me, ere it break!

SOME REMARKS UPON THE FUTURE OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

In the efforts to push our conjectures into the Future of the English Language, and to frame to ourselves some idea of the changes which it is probably destined to undergo, it is hardly necessary to pause for any assurance that changes of some sort are to occur, for we are daily sensible that many changes are actually going on.

This is seen both in single words, and in the numberless little groups of words, which, by accidental association, or by some more or less subtle disposition of the Genius of Language, are usually found in company, and make up the body of our speech.

Indeed, every living language must change. What we call its life is identical with the power to change—to produce new words, to modify old ones, and to discard them altogether. Nor is the word life any the less aptly chosen to designate these phenomena of change, because their manifestations are discernible in decay as well as by accretion. So it is with all the mortal forms of life. 'Twas thus thinking that Horace wrote (de. art. poet, 68–72):

"Mortalia cuncta peribunt:
Nedum sermonum stet honos, et gratia vivax.
Multa renascentur, quae jam cecidere; cadentque,
Quae nunc sunt in honore vocabula: si volet usus,
Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma loquendi."

So closely, variously and curiously intermingled are the transitions both of form and sense within the scope of a single language, and still more as displayed on those uncertain confines in the history of tongues, where one language is occupied with shaping its new existence out of the disorganizing materials of another: so mutually involved are here the acts of extinction and of new birth, that it becomes a matter of great difficulty to distinguish properly between them. It is probable, that the terms decay and improvement are often inaccurately and indiscriminately used with respect to changes in Language; and an interesting contribution is yet to be made to the philosophy of speech by him who shall succeed in pointing out what is truly decadence and loss, and what is growth and gain in any language. There will be, no doubt, two parties to

this dispute, Conservative and Radical. The Conservative may maintain, perhaps, the extreme doctrine, that every departure from traditionary forms, which have once received the sanction of learned men and authors, in an educated age, is so much damage suffered by a word or phrase.—The Radicals, on the other hand, with the riotous and irreverent spirit of reform, may not only sneer at the sentimentality, which seeks to keep an old word intact, that it may perpetually bear about it the mark of its ancient character and the odor of its long established associations, but may demand an entire surrender of all else in Language to the one end of present and practical utility.

Somewhere between these two extremes, the sober student will find the law of healthy growth in Language.

These remarks are made touching a speculative or historical inquiry into the changes which take place generally in languages in which we may have no share, and on which we will only pass a judgment.

But when we come to the practical question concerning the future of our own language, the first general survey of the subject makes us aware of two opposing influences, of the nature above described, actually at work in conducting the changes now progressing in the English tongue.

A language is the common property of the people who speak it, and no one has ever been able to deny the right of universal suffrage in the matter of its changes.

Yet, while this is true, no language ever attained a high degree of power and perfection without a Literature, and this inner court, this repository of all the purest forms and most vital functions of our language has been for ages, by common consent, entrusted to the keeping, and submitted to the control of a limited and exclusive aristocracy of intellect. It is well for our race that the principles of personal liberty have had a fair display in our history, and that many great ideas of justice and of government have taken root in the minds of men, before the arrival of this hour, so full of alarm to many wise statesmen, when the great substratum of society in all Anglo-Saxon lands, chafing in its rise, is about to spurn away all restraints and declare the irresponsible and changing will of the masses the final, the supreme, the one law of the whole.

So for our noble language; we must congratulate ourselves that its great powers have been developed, and its large capacities probed, ascertained and displayed by masterly hands in works which must ever continue to command the admiration of those who use and know the English tongue; that all this has been done before the arrival of the time when literature shall have ceased to be a distinguished profession, and when ill educated political newspaper writers and ignorant penny-a-liners shall have it in their power to lead the language on to any vulgar excesses and fruitless extravagancies, which the conditions of its organism will permit. It is beyond question that the forms of our language, like all the vital

interests of society, are passing more and more rapidly under the control of the universal people.

What will they do with it? Is the general intelligence high enough to offer a guaranty for the preservation of its powers as a vehicle of thought? Is the taste of the people pure and sensitive enough to furnish a safeguard for its refinements and its grace?

We shall not be over hasty to answer these questions, but content ourselves, for a first general observation, with the remark, that as the people themselves are, so will be their language; that is, whatever changes shall take place in the language will be found to have a certain definite relation to the habits of thought and the temper of the people. This was a truth which passed into a proverb among the Greeks, and has been given to us by Seneca (Ep. 114) in the Latin words: "*talis hominibus fuit oratio, qualis vita.*"

In projecting, then, the future course of the English language, we ought to inquire how the circumstances, habits and sentiments of the Anglo-Saxon race will be able to show themselves in their language: and in this we shall be principally assisted by observing the character of the changes which have already occurred and are now occurring in the body of our speech; while we must guard our conjectures by keeping in mind the necessary limits to all changes in language, lying in the nature of the stuff itself; for words will not suffer too rapid nor too radical a change without annihilation, and there are some necessary laws of speech, with which the most licentious and capricious spirit of innovation cannot tamper.

First, we should observe that there is a tendency discernible in the English language to become more and more *abstract* in its nomenclature. That is, its words are becoming more and more simply designative of single ideas and are laying aside their descriptive power, giving up the groups of secondary and associated ideas which formerly inhered in them. Words passing through this process are losing their poetical capacity, drifting off from their contact with nature, becoming more completely the instruments of pure thought and enlarging the sphere of their application.

Great numbers of our words have been, from their origin, as abstract as they possibly can be in their several uses, such as, e. g. "be," "know," "think," "cause," "thing," "time," "then," "now," "if," "as," &c.

But many have later become so; as "to grow," which now nearly, or entirely, means a continuous succession of states, without any accessory idea of increasing magnitude; and we can say without any conflict of ideas, to *grow weak*, to *grow faint*, to *grow small*: "to charm," which is now said simply of the effect upon the mind of any uncommonly engaging object, without the least call upon the imagination to produce the detailed ceremonies of the *carmen*, *charme*, or incantation. "To ride" may be instanced also, as having been said once only of the horseman: and, not to lengthen out the list, the verbs "reckon"

and "guess," provincial in America, are exhibitions due to this same principle, which is still active in the language. Of adjectives we mention "small," which has undergone this generalizing change, and "tolerable," "moderate" which are now undergoing it. Among substantives, there is "journey," which originally must have been expressive of a day's travel, and not of travel without limit.

The word "palfrey" (*par le frein,*) when in use, had come to mean much less than at the first. "Morocco," in certain connections, does not transport the thoughts to the north of Africa, but simply designates a given kind of leather,—as complete an abstraction as is found in the use of words drawn from foreign and therefore generally unintelligible languages, e. g. "cemetery," "intoxicate."

Such imported words, or new words of foreign extraction, are now admitted into the English only to designate objects or relations for which a denoting name is wanted, not a describing one. The English has no further use for word-painting; the people have too many and too busy thoughts. They want words for *etiquette*, *tourniquet*, *caisson* (*d'artillerie,*) &c., and they take them where they find them convenient, but they leave their associations, all that in their first nature they involve and imply, behind. The same tendency to abstraction is shown in the common habit of supplanting common words by others of smaller connotation, and therefore of more general import. How often do we hear "individual" for man, "vehicle" for carriage, "heavenly body" for star, "animal" for horse, "instrument" for piano forte, "music" for singing, "before I was aware of his presence," instead of "before I saw him standing there." This tendency, to which a mighty impulse was given in the very birth of our language, from the circumstance that it was born, not from nature, but from other words, of foreign growth, and known then chiefly only in their denotation, has already imparted to the English the character, of the most abstract language probably which is spoken in the civilized world.* But it has not yet reached the limits of its course, and is destined, no doubt, especially under the influence of the great activity and more general spread of scientific knowledge and thought, to impress itself still more universally on our language.

And if so, there are not a few of its general stock of words which the English will probably lose. The same tendency must, in America, more especially, and in the English colonies, be strongly encouraged and furthered by the great number of foreigners, who cannot readily command or comprehend the full connotation of our descriptive words; so that such words when used between us and them are, by consent, allowed to lack something of the full group of associations formerly be-

* It would seem that several of the eastern Asiatic languages are far more abstract than any in use among the cultivated peoples of Europe. See Steinthal's Characteristics, &c.

longing to them; or they give way to the choice of some more general term. Thus, instead of "hush-money," we should probably say to a foreigner, "bribe"; we should not use "howbeit" to him, but "yet" or "however"; instead of to "spy" we should generally content ourselves with describing the act in question less particularly, and use the more abstract word, to "see." Instead of "twelve o'clock," we should, in the same circumstances, probably say "noon" or "midday": and who knows but that "twelve o'clock" may pass from our common speech, as so many of our good old English words have given ground and are giving ground to simple expressions in the cosmopolitan intercourse of modern times, like the affectionate "good-bye," for instance, yielding, even now, to the more readily intelligible "farewell"?

Having been led to speak of the influence in one particular brought to bear upon the English language by the number of foreigners with which the English speaking race is almost everywhere intermingled we may here remark, that this circumstance is calculated generally to regulate the language more and more in accordance with a rational standard. All accidental peculiarities, immovably fixed phrases, in which words appear only in special connexions and special senses, are likely to be removed by it. It is for this reason, perhaps, that the numerous provincialisms so well known in many parts of England, have no currency in America, and it is not unlikely that the same cause is answerable for the fact that the recent endeavors to render the orthography of the language more uniform, by reducing a number of irregular forms to the standard of a more constant analogy, are associated with the name of an American Lexicographer.

Passing then to speak of the forms of our language, and first of the written forms, or orthography; it can hardly be doubted that a large majority of the changes recommended by Dr. Webster will be adopted; for the opposition to them, which seems to have been very generally awakened, is founded either in an excessive and purely sentimental and prejudiced conversatism, or rests, as is apparently more commonly the case, upon an entirely mistaken belief that they are aimed against the etymological integrity of words, and will have the effect of obscuring their derivation.

The reduction of the termination of nouns in *our* (an exceptional growth of the later middle ages in England,*) is already as good as accomplished, and these words are now almost universally written with the simple *-or;* as *author*, *ancestor*, *error*, *favor;* a result which the etymologist may sanction as well as the practical reformer. Neither can the scholar offer any rational objection to the restoration of "metre," "mitre," "spectre," "theatre," and a few others which continue to be written with

* The same reactionary tendency in the procedures of the language, produced also the ending *i-oun* for *i-on*, as in *regioun* for region, *possessioun*, &c., in Chaucer.

final *-re*, back to the analogy of *chamber*, *charter*, *monster*, *murder*,* but rather must approve it. At all events, it seems to be sufficiently certain that the change will be accomplished.

So it is likely that in time another departure from analogy pointed out by Webster will be rectified; that, namely, of spelling "epitome," "catastrophe," "hyperbole," and other similar derivatives from Greek feminines of the first declension, with *e* unchanged to constitute the final syllable, whilst the English has dealt with others of the same class more in accordance with its own spirit, turning the final *e* (as well as *ia*) of the foreign word into *y*: as in "anatomy," "euphony," "lithotomy," and others. The last is the spelling which is, no doubt, destined to prevail in all these words; and no scholar can have any reason for resisting the change on scientific grounds, unless he condemns also that sovereign procedure of the language which has changed, for instance, final *-tas* in Latin words into *ty* (through the older *tie*) in English, as in "dignity," "equality," &c., &c., and which has made of the Saxon *-hade* (Germheit) the English ending *head*, as in "Godhead," "Widowhed," (in Spenser,) and also into *-hood*, as in "womanhood," "priesthood." All these and the numerous other transmutations, substitutions, omissions and additions of vowels and consonants, so soon as they have become regular, are seen to be parts of the proceedings of that independent, subtle, obscurely self-conscious influence to which we give the name of the Genius of our language, and which, out of so various and confused materials, has elicited for us our forms of speech in all their present individuality.

But again, the English Language has shown from the earliest times, perhaps from the very first, a tendency to reduce the volume and weight of sound in its words. This appeared in the refinement or elision of internal syllables, and more especially in the attenuation or rejection of final syllables. On the road which leads us back through the French into the Latin, we almost uniformly find the English word thinner, weaker, lighter than the French word now corresponding to it, and both of them generally shorter than the Latin word. Examples are: *causa*, *chose*, *case*; *cremor*, *creme*, *cream*; *ingeniosus*, *ingénieux*, *ingenious*; *studire*, *estudier*, *study*; *Britannia*, *Bretagne*, *Britain*; *montanus*, *montaigne*, *mountain*; (*subitanus*) *soudain*, (*suddaine*, *suddein* in Spenser,) *sudden*. Of the few words which are longer or thicker than their French originals, it will probably be found that they arose, not upon the road of natural formation, but by awkward and unsuccessful attempts to make use of the words in their foreign shape: Such, for example, we may assume to be the origin of our word "escutcheon"; made from the French word *écusson* (a diminutive from *scutum*.) Many other terms of the science of Heraldry may be compared; which

* That cause is of his *murdre* or gret siknesse. Chaucer Cant. Tales, 12[illegible].

became fixed, to a certain extent, in their forms by their technical application, and submitted gradually to changes naturally wrought by the English organs of pronunciation. A partially similar corruption is the familiar "o yes"! of the Sheriff when he opens the Court,—the word being identical with *oyez!* from the Norman *oyer*, Fr. *ouir*. These corrupted forms are not exempt however from the law of diminution, but furnish rather some of the most striking exhibitions of it. Such are "curfew" (*couvre feu,*) "palfrey" (*par le frein*) the shorter form "scutcheon," and a great number of other words, especially proper names.*

The same detrition appears in the words drawn from the Saxon. Sax. agen (Germ. eigen,) Eng. *own;* Sax. saegan, (Germ. sagen,) Eng. *say;* Sax. neother (Germ. nieder,) Eng. *nether;* Sax. hwaether, Eng. *whether* (with a tendency in pronunciation to *wether;*) Sax. heafan, hefen,hofen, Eng. *heaven* (pron. hevn;) Sax. heafig, Eng. *heavy;* Sax. liban, leofan, lifian, Eng. *live*. But this influence continued to work and is working still within the English itself. What it has wrought since Chaucer's time may be seen by a glance at the Canterbury Tales. In the first few lines of the "Knight's Tale" we find the following: *tellen* for tell, *swiche* for such, *sonne* for sun, *fresshe* for fresh, *hire* for her, *solempnitee* for solemnity, *bataille* for battle, *remenant* for remnant, *twey* for two, *mentioun* for mention; elsewhere, *hevenlich* for heavenly, *estatelich* for stately, &c., &c., besides a large number of other words whose volume is greater for the eye than their modern equivalents by the addition of a final mute syllable. As the negative particle "not" comes from the Saxon "*noht,*" which was represented also in English by naught, so the word "through" was formerly written in English "thorough," which form has remained in the adjective sense. There is no lack of evidence that this diminishing tendency is still prevailing in our language. Since the orthography of the English has not, for a long time, been much changed, we discover the effect spoken of chiefly in its spoken sounds. The words formerly written "*litel,*" and "*gentil*" (Cant. Tales vv. 492, 1045) are now written *little* and *gentle*, and pronounced *lit'l* and *gent'l*. But while we have not changed the spelling, we speak generally *civ'l, ev'l cav'l*, &c, also *shov'l, lev'l, trav'l*, as well as *troub'l, sing'l, bub'l*. So also with the participles in—*ed*, notwithstanding an effort which has been made to preserve the vowel sound here for the purpose of distinguishing the participle from the past tense of the verb. The Englishman will never more be brought to say

* The subsequent history of many words introduced into the English by such means as this, is in many instances sufficiently curious: as they frequently bear upon them the impress of a false etymology having its rise in a popular mistake. Such words are *reindeer, nightmare*. The word *reindeer* has, in fact, previously gone through a similar process in the German, as has also the German word *maulthier*, from which we get our *mole*. *See Forstemann, in Kuhn and Aufrecht's "Zeitschrift, &c." Vol.* I.

"signéd, sealéd and delíveréd."

But to cease speaking of final syllables as such, let us note rapidly some other familiar attenuations and omissions of sound.—*Enny* is now the lighter sound for "any" (Sax. anig, aenig;) *menny* for "many" (Sax. maenig, manig, &c.) *Ingland* is the attenuated sound of England (Engle-Angleland.) He who says *Cheltenham* for *Chel'tnh'm*, *Lydenham* for *Lyd'nh'm* *Buckingham* for *Buckingh'm*, puts himself in as direct conflict with the spirit and authority of the spoken English as he who should say *sovereign* for *suvrin*, *some* for *sum*, *money* for *munny*, *none* for *nun*, *fight** for *fite*, *light* for *lite*, *Worcester* for *Wooster*.

Now the inference from all this is that more of these changes are likely to occur, as the tendency is still active and much material remains. As we speak *unnion* for "onion," and *promuntory* for "promontory," shall we not some day hear *urration*, *urrator*, or *urratur*, *vuluntary*, &c.?

We pronounce the second *e* like the weaker *i* in "benefit," "heretic," "funeral," "general." Why may we not expect to hear the unaccented *e* as sounded in *adjective*, *influence*, *judgment*?

The *u* attenuated under the influence of following *i* in "biscuit," "conduit," appears again without the *i* in "minute" (minit:) so "impident" is already said by the vulgar, and the analogies of the language are in favor of this sound's gaining ground, so as to give us *turbilent*, *trukilent* (truculent) &c.

Similarly, it may be shown that it is the tendency of *a* in unaccented syllables to cede its stronger nature into that of the weaker *e* or the duller *u*: thus *a* in the ending—*ance*, as in "continuance," is scarcely distinguishable from *e* in "continence," "influence," &c., and neither this *a* nor that in "woman," "musselman," "continual," "principal," &c. is distinguished from the dull *u* as in "mullet," "sun," "mogul."

Not to proceed with illustrations, of which there is no lack, we will assume it as made out that all the vowels of the unaccented syllables in English words have a tendency to lapse into a weaker kind of vowel sound.

The fair inference from this is, that, unless some counteracting causes are brought to bear, this tendency will continue until no further attenuation is possible, and no English word will possess any more voluminous or weighty vowel sound than that of the slender *i*, with the one exception of a single characteristic syllable, whose distinctive nature will be preserved by the influence of the accent.

The various analogies of the language, not only those which touch the form, but also those which concern the sense of words, combine to establish a high degree of, at least, theoretic probability, that such will be the final stage reached by the present progress of our speech. For it is important to observe, that this tendency to diminish the vigor and variety of vowel sounds in a word

* So pronounced still in the Lowlands of Scotland.

runs parallel to, if indeed it does not proceed from that tendency towards idealism and abstraction which was mentioned above. Remove the several varieties of vowel sounds in a word, and thereby, to a corresponding extent, you will eliminate and remove its various elements of connotation, and fit it more and more for the expression of one, simple, general and abstract idea. It is the opinion of some philosophers in language (see Heyse Sprachsystem, p. 77 ff.) that it is the peculiar office of the vowel to be the bearer of that part of a word's connonation which belongs to the emotions; that hence arose much of the great poetic power of the ancient Greek, a language in which vocalism was largely developed and artistically cultivated with the assistance of the principle of quantity; and that the modern languages of southern Europe, particularly the Italian, owe it to their full toned vowels that they serve peculiarly to express so much vivacity and sentiment. If this judgment is just, then the Englishman is the man above all others who may be expected to consent, on this ground also, to a devocalization of his language; for there is no peculiarity of the English character more marked than his aversion to make a display of his feelings. It cannot be doubted that he would, as a mere matter of taste, be highly pleased with the possession of a language, by which he could express his thoughts, while he kept his feelings to himself.

If it should seem at first an extravagant idea, that the English should ever reach that extreme degree of devocalization which has been indicated as its possible destiny, it will perhaps be thought less improbable after considering the very striking case of the modern Greek. Proceeding from an original language far richer than the English ever was in its vowel sounds, this dialect has gone so far in iotaizing its syllables, that not even the accent has served to protect the original vowel sounds, and we hear the *iota*, *upsilon*, *eta* with the *iota* subscript, *eta*, *ei*, and even the *oi* of the ancient Greek all now pronounced like *iota*.

But again, a surprising proof of the distance which we have already traveled in the same direction in *our* speech, will be seen in the experiment of actually making the change in question in any ordinary piece of English discourse or composition, and observing the very slight change of sound which thereby ensues.

Take for instance Tennyson's little poem beginning:

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, oh Sea!"

and if from first to last we change every audible unaccented vowel to *i*, we shall scarcely detect any alteration from the sounds at present heard in reading it. Thus the third stanza will be:

"And the stateli ships go on
To their havin undir the hill;
But oh for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice* that is still!"

* The integrity of *oi* in "voice" will probably not always be protected by the accent; which is scarcely sufficient for this in *hoist*, *joist*, *foist* (said to be the word called *fice* in its application to a certain kind of cur.)

From Gray's "Elegy, &c." we read:

"Perhaps, in the niglectid spot, is laid
Some heart, once pregnint with cilistill fire;
Hands, that the rod of Empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extisy the living lyre."

And even the stately words of Milton will be only thus far perverted; (Par. Lost, I, 60 ff:)

"At once as far as angils ken, he views
The dismil situation waste and wild:
A dungin horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnice flamed; yet from those flames
No light, but rathir darkniss visible
Served onli to discovir sights of woe."

These considerations and examples go to show, that it is the tendency and the increasing tendency of the English language to regard one characteristic syllable of a word only as of importance. Here the accent is placed, as though at once to point its force and guard its integrity; while all the other syllables are weakened, slurred over, or rejected. This process of rejection, inaugurated in the very birth of the language, has already reduced vast numbers of our words to the monosyllabic form. In the first five lines of Milton's Paradise Lost, there are twenty-eight monosyllables, seven dis-syllables, and only two tris-syllables. We have previously bestowed some attention upon the methods by which has been effected, this remarkable reduction in the bulk of our words,—which certainly have not been increased since Milton's time.

Briefly returning to the matter, we shall find ourselves, by remarking one or two particulars, in possession of the principle and procedure, in accordance with which we may venture to anticipate a number of changes which may yet take place.

First then we observe of the initial syllable, that in English words this suffers first a weakening, and then rejection. In most words gotten from French forms beginning with the syllable *e* before *s* and another consonant, this first syllable was renounced in the time of the formation of the language; as in "study" from *éstudier*, "scale" from *éschelle*, "stuff" from *éstouffer*, "skiff" from *ésquif*, "Spain" from *Espange*, "estate" but also "state" from *état*. But the same habit has continued later in the English itself, making "stranger" out of the longer form *estranger*, which is found in old English: Chaucer uses *estatelich* for the modern *stately*, and the same loss of initial *e* is seen in the words "stablish," "spy," "squire" and others by the side of *establish*, *espy*, *esquire*, &c., which still endure. Again, in Chaucer we find the past participle uniformly preceded by the syllable *y* as a constituent element; as *yclad*, *ycleped*, *ytaughte*, *ymade*. These words are now shorter by that syllable. Other examples might be adduced in great numbers, both of the rejection and of the weakening of initial syllables (as in purchaser for Chaucer's *pourchasour*;) but these are enough to show the tendency.

It must be expected to continue; and as out of the full sounding *éstonner* of the old French our ancestors made our "astonish," in which the *a* has but a dull and faint sound, why may we not go further and, some day, speak

stonish, as we now say *stablish*, *scape*, for "escape" as we now say *skiff*, *stray* for the adjective "astray," as it is now vulgarly done in fact, notwithstanding that the *a* is designed in this compound word to express a separate meaning?

But far more does the attenuating and abrading habit of the English show itself in the latter part of its words, and particularly in their final syllables. Thus, not to revert now to the period of the birth of the language, Spenser still wrote *battaile* (and battayle, battail, batteill) for our "battle," *retourne* for modern "return," *emperour* and all others of that class for "emperor," &c, *mountaine* for "mountain," *sudddein* for "sudden," *unknowen* for "unknown," *withouten* for "without," and other such too numerous to recount.

In the changed orthography of many of these words,—as for example that of *gentil* to *gentle*, *litel* to *little*,—we see the recorded sanction and the law of our modern pronunciation of *evil*, *civil*, *cavil*, revel, level, shovel; and of *curtain*, *certain*, &c., (after the analogy of *sudden*.)

The English must, in all probability go farther in this direction, and even if we do not come to spell the words in unaccented *-ain* with *-en*, as in "sudden," there seems to be little doubt but that we will hear, at no very distant day, the sounds *mount'n*, *fount'n*, as well as also *sunk'n*, *spok'n*.—Many other analogous cases will easily suggest themselves without the necessity of offering patterns; thus *princip'l*, *accident'l* are to be anticipated, as well as many instances also where this influence shall have crept back further into the interior of the longer words. If we have "Edinb'ro'" and "strawb'ry," and "presbyt'ry," do not these point to *newsp'per*, *hon'rable*, *maint'nance*, which are analogous also to the sounds already reached in *gen'ral* for "general," *fun'ral* for "funeral," *remnant** for "remenant?"

As to the spelling of the English language in the future; there have been long ago reforms proposed of a most radical nature.—It cannot be surprising to any one, that these ideas should be now revived in America in a time when in society, law and politics, the most cherished institutions are sacrificed to the triumphant spirit of Reform. Accordingly, in the celebrated 39th Congress of the United States, side by side with the "Civil Rights Bill," the "Tenure of Office Bill," and their associated measures, there was introduced a resolution looking to the introduction in this country of a system of "phonetic spelling." The idea seems first to have arisen at least as early as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, whose Secretary of State, Sir Thomas Smith, attempted a movement in this direction. It has always met however with vigorous resistance on the part of both literary men and philologians, for manifest reasons in the case of both. It is

* In this word the spelling has already been accommodated to the sound, and that too, although the banished *e* was, so far as any vowel can be, an indispensable index of its derivation.

impossible to contemplate without emotion the anguish and despair which must possess the Etymologist and the man of letters, should this system be adopted, or rather when it *shall be* adopted; for whatever may be the present fate of the recent effort made in Congress, of which we have spoken, we shall scarcely be able to doubt, on considering the nature of the influences already at work in and upon our language and literature, and the temper and circumstances of the Anglo-Saxon peoples, that the phonetic spelling will ultimately prevail, not only here, but also in England itself.

Nay more: notwithstanding that by its introduction we must sever the links which sensibly bind our words to their historic stock and kindred; notwithstanding, that by it must be dissipated the halo of tenderness and poetic glory which hovers around so many of the words handed down to us by the reverend generations of our ancestry, with the marks of their worship, their dreams, their sports, and their love upon them; notwithstanding the vulgar impulses which will probably be in the lead when this radical reform is carried: there still remains strong reason, perhaps superior to all these considerations, to induce us to consent with equanimity to the change.

If the sweet spirit of poetry shall cease to breathe from English lips, if art and music must needs resort to other tongues to find a language suitable to give full expression to their sentiment, *it may be* that the English language is fitting itself, on the course which it is now pursuing, to become the grand training school and workshop of the purest and intensest forms of the *practical Intellect* of the world.

NINETEEN.

My maiden of the violet eyes,
White-lidded as the mists of morning,—
Half clouded with a coy surprise,
Their liquid, lucid depths adorning,—

With shut lips like a folded rose,
Dew-beaded with youth's honey'd potion,
And cheeks whose colour comes and goes,
As comes and goes the quick emotion;—

The heyday flush of fresh nineteen,
Subtle with rare, auroral glory,
Circles and crowns you like a queen,
Within a realm of fairy-story!

You breathe so rarified an air,—
No dazing films, no vapors seeing;—
Our sluggish pulses could not bear
The atmosphere that feeds your being.

So golden is the lustrous reach
Of the long, vernal day before you,—
So infinite the cloudless stretch
Of the clear heavens' enchantment o'er you,—

You cannot know nor understand,
How those soft hills, so dim and distant,
Can steep the broad, sunshiny land
In shadows gradual, sure, resistant.

You comprehend that life has care;
You've seen it oft grow grand with duty,—
Through small attritions watched it wear,
Till shorn and stripped of all its beauty:

And you have said;—'It shall not be
Thus with *my* morning's pearly promise:
We *need* not, if we *will* not, see
The beautiful go drifting from us.'

My maiden of the violet eyes,
Forget, in faith so pure and holy,
That haze upon the mountain lies—
Dusk in the gorges thickens slowly.

Descend not from your airy height
To meet the shadows: Let them rather
Settle along the vales, where night
Begins her hooded glooms to gather.

Keep on your lips the fragrant dew,
And in your eye the sheen so tender:
Youth's morning beams but once,—and you
But once can walk its rubied splendor!

RELIGION IN THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

A prime element in the very great popularity of "The Land We Love" is, doubtless, the important office it is executing in collecting and recording authentic facts and incidents of the late war. The importance of this undertaking is felt by all who wish to promote truth. The living witnesses of the events in the recent gigantic revolution will soon pass away. The records are all in the hands of the successful party. Hence the only hope of seeing an impartial history of these transactions is in the execution of the purpose of this enterprising monthly.

No history of any country or any crisis is complete that omits the subject of religion. And, for peculiar reasons, the historian of the late war should be thoroughly acquainted with the moral and religious training that had obtained in this nation before the war, and with the condition of the various branches of the Christian Church at its commencement, as well as with their conduct during its progress. To promote this desirable end is the design of this article. The writer begs leave to say, by way of apology, that it is a source of regret with him that this contribution has not been made by some one of the many able divines who labored faithfully with the Army of Tennessee. Perhaps this humble effort to record the operations of the Church in one of the principal armies of the Confederate States, may induce others, whose range of vision was wider and whose talents entitle them to speak, to do justice to the subject. Sustained by this hope we proceed to "speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen." Our statements will cover a period extending from the close of the battle of Chickamauga to the surrender of the army by General Joseph E. Johnston, at Greensboro', N. C.

It was very natural that the Church in the Southern States should make a vigorous effort to execute its peculiar commission among the soldiers in the Southern armies. That commission is not limited to times of peace.—On the contrary it has happened, not unfrequently, that periods of great excitement have been periods of great activity and real prosperity to the Church. When the regular and orderly course of events is suddenly broken, men are aroused from their dreams of gain and pleasure; the ground of their long cherished and unquestioned opinions is examined: the uncertainty and instability of temporal things appear; and the supports of religion are more eagerly sought. It is no time for the Church to slumber when the providence of God is calling men to *consider*. The situation of the Southern Church was not unlike that of Israel at the building of the second Temple. *Then* the people said—"The time is not come, the time that the Lord's

house should be built." But the word of the Lord by the prophet Haggai said—"Is it time for you, O ye, to dwell in your ceiled houses, and this house lie waste? Consider your ways." There was nothing in the times to lull the Church, but, on the contrary, a loud call for faith and works.—Nor was there anything in the questions at issue in the strife of arms of which the Church felt ashamed. Whatever may be the verdict of those who shall come after as to the correctness of the opinions for which the South contended, there can be but one sentiment as to the honesty and devotion with which those opinions were cherished. They were not hastily adopted, but had been matured by earnest reflection and open discussion running through more than half a century. The main questions—the Institution of Slavery and the Sovreignty of the States—involved the divine authority of the Scriptures and the structure of the general government. The Southern States, perceiving that slavery had existed under every dispensation of the Covenant of Grace, felt no scruples with regard to it: and seeing that the North, when all their objections had been answered, were disposed to place their intuitions above revelation rather than yield the controversy, felt that the very authority of God's word was at issue. That two views of the general government had prevailed from its very beginning was notorious. That these views had been warmly advocated in the Senate of the United States by the ablest statesmen the nation had produced was equally notorious. And that the views entertained by the Southern States were correct, and essential to the existence of the government as originally instituted, they most conscientiously believed. So that when that dark cloud, which appeared on the Northern sky not larger than a man's hand, had expanded until it filled the whole heaven, and was ready to burst in fury on the South, her people rose up to defend what they conceived to be a holy cause. And never was there a people more fully under the impression that their cause was just. But in addition to this, we had a precedent to guide us as Churches. Our fathers had passed through the first revolution. The examples of such men as Witherspoon and Hall were drawn by the historian for our benefit. And under the impulse of these noble examples our ministers felt ashamed to dwell in their ceiled houses while war was raging in the land. The young men, the hope of the Church, were in the armies. As the Church desired the salvation of her sons in daily peril of instant death, as she wished for good morals when peace should be restored, she was bound to gird her loins for the work.

1. It is of importance to the honor of the Church that it should be recorded, that her ablest and best ministers engaged in preaching the gospel to the soldiers in the army. As we are speaking now of the Army of Tennessee, we will mention the names of some, for this purpose, who were engaged in this good work in that

army. Of the Episcopal Church, Bishop Lay, of the Diocese of Arkansas, and Dr. Quintard, the present Bishop of the Diocese of Tennessee. Of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, Rev. John B. McFerrin, D. D., of Nashville. Of the Baptist Church, Rev. T. C. Teasdale, D. D., of Columbus, Mississippi. Of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, Rev. B. W. McDonald, D. D., of Lebanon, Tennessee. Of the Presbyterian Church, Drs. Palmer, Waddel and Styles. From this short catalogue it will be seen that the Church sent out able men to the army.

2. There were three classes of laborers engaged in preaching the gospel to the army. First, the Chaplain. We mention this class first because it was certainly the most efficient. It was to the army what the pastor is at home. Each chaplain bore a definite relation to some special regiment. In most instances, while bearing a commission to a particular regiment, the chaplain's charge was a brigade. It was the effort of our General Assembly (Presbyterian) to place one chaplain in every brigade in the army. The chaplain was efficient, because he became acquainted with the soldiers, had access to them in sickness and in health, gained their confidence by sharing their privations and their dangers, and enjoyed constant opportunities for preaching, which transient visitors could not find. Preaching was their chief work. To this they added prayer meetings, Bible classes, distribution of religious tracts and papers, and the circulation of the scriptures. Each denomination sent supplies of their Church papers to be distributed regularly by the chaplains. The Evangelical Tract Society, established at Petersburg, Virginia, supplied a large quantity of valuable religious literature in the form of tracts.

The chaplains appointed one of their own number to keep a depository for their benefit. He was allowed by the Commander-in-Chief to be detailed for this purpose. He had facilities for keeping supplies of Bibles, tracts and papers on hand for the use of the army. The second class of laborers were the regular Missionaries. They were not regularly commissioned. In fact they were not in any sense under the regular army orders. And in this respect they enjoyed some freedom. For the position of a chaplain was not pleasant when he had an ungodly Colonel or Brigadier, who thought it necessary to keep an eye on him, lest he should enjoy some immunities. The labor of this class was rather that of evangelists. And some of them were very useful. The third class, was composed of temporary missionaries. In addition to the chaplains, the Presbyteries enjoined it upon all their able-bodied ministers to visit the armies once or twice every year, and labor for a month or more. It will be seen that I use the names of the courts of the Presbyterian Church and speak of the plan of that Church. This is because I am familiar with the course of that Church. My impression is that a similar course

was pursued by the other denominations.

3. In the fall of 1863, the writer left South Carolina for the Army of Tennessee. Jenkins' brigade was then passing from Virginia to join Longstreet's corps in Tennessee. We found the army drawn up around Chattanooga. The battle of Chickamauga had been fought, and General Bragg was operating against the entrenched camp at that town. Having a letter of introduction to Brigadier General Walthall (subsequently Maj. General) we were very soon, by the kindness of that gallant officer, regularly assigned to duty with the thirtieth (30th) Mississippi regiment. The first duty of the chaplain, after battle, was to attend the wounded and dying.—This melancholy duty was our first taste of army life. A ride of twelve miles across the battle ground of Chickamauga brought us to Alexander's house, near Alexander's bridge, where the battle began. Here was the Field Hospital. Already many small boards marked the last resting places of brave soldiers. Friend and foe slept quietly together.—And here let it be said, once for all, that no tongue can tell the horrors of a Field Hospital. Of all army scenes the night after a battle was the most painful. But to return to the army. The chaplains were at their posts, and conducted religious worship as there was opportunity until the battle of Missionary Ridge. One general meeting of the chaplains was held on the summit of Lookout Mountain. There was a handsome collection of buildings on the mountain. It had been a place of fashionable resort; and we understand is now turned into a college by our friends for the purpose of scattering the rays of light over that desolated region. Morning broke upon us before we left the mountain. It was clear and bright around us, but beneath us lay two invisible armies. Here and there a peak or cliff was visible, looking like an island rising out of the ocean. The only sign of life was the sound of the morning drum or the shrill note of the bugle. But soon that silence was to be broken, for the battle of Missionary Ridge was aprpoaching. Who is not eager to witness for the first time a battle?

The battle had raged from morning till far into the afternoon on the right. But the enemy advanced to the Ridge only to be hurled back in headlong confusion as often as he advanced—for Cleburne fought there! Presently General Bragg rode down the line. He has passed the centre. He pauses. Artillery is hurried to the spot. The enemy is advancing and will certainly be repulsed. We go to see an engagement. Before, nothing is visible. The roar of artillery is awful and indescribable. The solid ridge seems to tremble. Our line shows signs of disorder. Every man is firing at will. Artillery horses begin to go to the rear. The line wavers, scatters, is broken. The battle is lost.

The next point of interest to the chaplain is Dalton, Georgia. The storm of war is hushed. The army goes into regular winter quarters. Four months or more

of profound quiet is given to us.— It is the chaplain's time to work. In nearly every camp a church is erected. With sacred song, and prayer and instruction in holy things the men of God pursue their work. A revival is spoken of in a certain brigade. At the next chaplains' meeting we hear of others. The Spirit seems to visit every camp. A general revival is enjoyed. Then it is pleasant to see the *great* congregation. May we not trust that many who laid down their lives in that long four-months' battle from Dalton to Jonesboro' had made their preparation? But time would fail to tell of what was done at Atlanta and on the memorable march into and retreat from Tennessee. We labored and prayed and hoped to the last. May those who shall come after us be instructed by all that we have done or attempting, have failed to do.

DEO DUCE.

A stately ship sailed over the sea
For a peerless port in a distant land;
Her gleaming canvass swelled proudly free.
And her helmsman steered with a steady hand.

DEO DUCE in letters of gold,
Was graven deep on her glittering prow;
She rode the billows that round her rolled
A queen erect with a crownéd brow.

Captain and Pilot were brave and true
And pure as her banner of spotless white;
Never did nobler nor grander crew
Enrol in the sacred cause of the Right.

Deo Duce, in safety she sailed
Through deadly breakers and treacherous shoal;
A people's prayers with their God prevailed
And wafted her on to her destined goal.

She was almost there, when the sunny sky
Grew black with the reflex of Heaven's frown;
The mandate came from the Hand on high
And the stately ship and her crew went down!

Broken cordage and splintering spars,
And drifting sails like a funeral pall,
A snowy banner with golden stars
Heaved up out of Ocean, and this was all!

Long as the current of Time shall flow
That star gemmed banner with never a stain,
Through coming ages shall gleam and glow
With a kindling light that will never wane!

Deo Duce! God's way is the best,
Though closed to the compass of finite eyes.
The archives of Heaven shall well attest
The blessings He deals us in dark disguise.

Deo Duce! And oh! may it be,
When Time and this living will be no more,
The ship may sail o'er the glassy sea
And be safely moored to the golden shore!

EXECUTION BY THE GUILLOTINE—FROM AN EYE WITNESS.

The prisoner had been convicted of murdering his aunt—an aged woman, who had cared for him from early boy-hood—and been condemned to die by the guillotine. The crime was a dreadful one. This old woman, who had watched over him as a mother, who had humored his every wish, was brutally massacred; and that the deed might not be known, the house, which hid her bleeding body from public gaze, was fired. Money was the sole inducement; for a few paltry dollars the axe was uplifted to deal the deadly blow, and in a moment plunged deep into the quivering brain of the helpless woman. Filled with horror, aghast at the still writhing body of his only friend, the murderer quickly applied the torch, in hopes the corpse might be burned in the raging fire, and thus give rise to the belief that the death arose from accident.—But the flames incensed, as it were, at the bloody deed, shrunk back and allowed themselves to be easily overcome. Thus the tale was told; thus the guilt laid bare. Suspicion pointed out the murderer; he was arrested, tried, and condemned.

In France, no public mention is made of the time set apart for an execution, but still the day, the hour, the minute is quickly whispered from ear to ear. Nor was it different in the present case.

Before the prisoner's last eve had fairly set in, all the details concerning his coming death were well known. It was quickly told that the condemned man, presuming—and not without reason—that his execution would not take place during Holy Week, had refused all food and was endeavoring to die of starvation; and that in consequence, the law would be enforced the following morning at a quarter to seven o'clock, notwithstanding the general practice which exempted from scenes of blood the seasons consecrated to the sacred festivals of the Church. Just outside of Tours, where the crime was committed, is a canal connecting the two rivers, the Loire and the Cher. On the farther side of this artificial stream and almost adjoining the Loire, is a broad open space, and here the guillotine was erected. As early as 5 o'clock on the appointed morning, both sides of the canal were filled with spectators; but a line of soldiery kept the crowd at a proper distance from the one fatal spot, upon which all eyes were fastened.

A simple looking structure was this instrument of death. A small platform—at an elevation of about eight feet from the ground—in the centre of which, and running parallel with the canal, stood what resembled a long narrow table. The top of this table, consisted apparently of but one plank, which so worked on pivots as when turned to stand perpendicular to the platform; it was also so arranged as to easily slide back and forth between two side pieces. At the two corners of one end of this table stood two posts, between, and at the top of which hung the knife firmly fastened in a heavy block, weighing upwards of two hundred pounds. Had it not been for this knife, which dazzingly gave back the bright rays of the rising sun, this latter part of the structure might have reasonably been taken for an ordinary pile-driver. To tell you that the blade of this knife was not square, but so formed as to cut diagonally through the neck; that between the two posts, and on a line with the table, were two pieces of stout wood—the upper piece of which could be elevated — but when joined together, the two, by their peculiar make, firmly and securely held the lower part of the neck of the condemned man; and the guillotine stands before you.

The number of spectators continually increased; already had every available point, from which to view the execution, been eagerly seized upon; but still the crowd became denser and denser, and louder and harsher the heart-sickening jargon. I had often heard and read, that the majority of these willing witnesses to an execution consisted of women. I never believed it till then; but turn which way I would, that morning, and I saw five women to one man. Children were also in abundance; children of all ages, from those who could fully appreciate the horrid spectacle to the tender babe, who, to-morrow, knows naught of to-day. Already were some beginning to complain of having to wait so long; it seemed past the appointed time to

them, for it was hardly morn when they arrived at the spot. I looked at my watch; it wanted but a few minutes to a quarter of seven. A low murmur ran through the crowd, and then all was silence. I well knew what that meant; and looking up, saw the foremost of the mounted gens d'armes, who headed the slowly advancing profession. Slow, indeed, was their march; and their sombre-looking uniforms; their steady, unwavering gaze; their perfect, marble-like expression of countenance were in perfect harmony with the deep solemnity of the occasion. A column of gens d'armes before; a column of gens d'armes behind; thus approached the open cart, in which was seated the prisoner. So changed had he become, that few recognized, in the white-headed old man, the same young man with raven-colored hair and black piercing eyes, who left the court-room for his lonely cell. His back was towards the front of the cart, so that he might not see the guillotine till right upon it; in front of him sat the prison-priest, holding before his almost powerless eyes, the crucifix. The prisoner was scantily attired; a shirt or gown, open wide at the neck, covered his body; his back hair—where the head and neck join—was closely cut, so that not the slightest impediment might be offered to the descending knife. The spot was reached; the cortége halted; and the prisoner faced the guillotine. I know not if he saw it; he appeared to be in a stupor and I trust he was. As he was unable to ascend unassisted the steps, which led to the platform, the priest quickly took one arm, and an executioner the other; and thus the criminal mounted. A parting kiss to priest, a parting kiss to executioner, and the prisoner was firmly strapped on to the plank or top of the table, which was now perpendicular to the platform. The plank was made to quickly resume its former horizontal position, was pushed slightly forward, and the prisoner's neck and shoulders securely fastened between those two blocks, which I have mentioned above. It took not long to do this, scarcely longer than it did me to utter: "Good God, have pity!" The spring was touched; the knife fell; and the prisoner's head was severed from the body.

DUEL BETWEEN JACKSON AND DICKERSON.

SEEING some recollections of Calhoun and other illustrious dead in your magazine, I deemed it right to forward to you a leaf of my "Scrap-book," before some accident might render impossible its appearance in print. It is "The duel of Gen. Jackson and Dickerson," the details of which I received from the lips of Dr. Jas. Overton, a man of fine erudition and brilliant parts, who, in spite of the fact that the life long torments of dyspepsia incapacitated him for any active participation in public affairs, may justly be considered the father of the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad. He came to Tennessee in 1818, and settled in Neely's Bend of Cumberland river, opposite to the Hermitage. Being a democrat and gentleman, he was a frequent and welcome visitor at the house of the hero of New Orleans. He died two years ago, an octagenarian in full possession of all his strong mental faculties. General Jackson was never communicative on the subject of this duel, and the Doctor related it to me as he heard it of his own uncle, Gen. Thomas Overton, a neighbor and bosom friend, as well as second in this affair of old Hickory.

Gen. Jackson and Dickerson's father-in-law had some misunderstanding, probably about horses and horse-racing. The son-in-law undertook to resent the affront.—He, already a good shot, repaired to Natchez, and spent there six months, his chief employment being practice with a pistol. Returning to Nashville, Dickerson dispatched one of his friends to Jackson with a letter extremely abusive of the General and reflecting on the virtue of his beloved wife. The messenger stated that if the General would not reply with a challenge, the letter would be published in the newspapers.—The challenge was sent. Col. Archibald Overton, who was brother to the doctor, and who, at that time, studied law in Gen. Jackson's office, saw the instruction given to the second, Gen. T. Overton. It concluded in these words: "accept no apology, nothing but his blood will satisfy me." Time and place was appointed, and the affair, it seems, was well known in Nashville, for, among other facts to give it publicity, Dickerson offered $500 as a bet, that he would kill his antagonist. Jackson's and T. Overton's families had no knowledge whatever of the whole affair. On the appointed day, Generals Jackson and Overton, without saying a word or creating the least suspicion about the aim of their journey, started for the rendezvous. Dickerson was not on the ground and they waited for a considerable time before he and second arrived. Gen. Overton, who was as imperious as a Cæsar, and as stormy as a tempest, walked up to receive them with, "Gentlemen! why did you let us wait so long; or is it your manners to let old men wait for young ones?"

His policy was to confuse Dickerson, but he could not succeed. "Dickerson was one of the bravest men, and his handling of the pistol the most skillful that I ever have seen," were the words of Gen. Overton, which assertion, coming from one who passed through the seven years of the revolution without a furlough, and who, on account of the unjust attack upon his friend, forever despised the man—goes far to establish the unquestionable bravery of Jackson's opponent.

The next policy of Gen. Overton was to gain the power of giving the word; and the third to extract Dickerson's first fire; and to guard against Gen. Jackson firing too soon, it was agreed that his double-spring pistol should not be sprung.

General Overton threw up, who according to his own acknowledgment, could, at pleasure, turn up head or tail. The lot of giving command naturally fell upon him, and he ordered the two antagonists to their respective pegs.—The terms were: "to stand with heads down, and arms close to the body until the word fire." While in expectation for the word, General Overton saw, or imagined, that Dickerson, who seemed very anxious to fire, moved his right arm, whereupon he stepped up to him, took hold of both of his arms, and, in a stentorian voice, exclaimed: "Mr. Dickerson! keep your arms still, sir, and remember the terms of this duel!" Then quickly he gave the word. Dickerson fired, and General Overton knew his principal wounded, because he saw the dust fly from his coat. Jackson instantly cried out: "General! I cannot spring my pistol," whereupon the latter more vehement than ever, turned upon him with: "Spring your trigger G—d—n it!" Jackson did so, and Dickerson was shot dead.

Many years after, Dr. Overton asked his uncle, whether Dickerson really moved his arm, or he only imagined it moved? The old man, upon his word of honor, declared, that he could not tell. And why did you use such violent language toward Gen. Jackson? The answer of the old soldier was, that, according to his personal experience, a wounded man does not for a few seconds feel his hurt so much as to disable him to master his actions; but if these few seconds fly by, the chance of retaliation is over. He wanted with his storming to awaken all Jackson's remaining energies.

A few years before Gen. Jackson's death, Dr. Overton happening to ride with him, in his buggy from Tyree Springs to Nashville, on the road they were conversing about this duel with Dickerson, and the old hero uncovered his bosom to show the wound received in the encounter. "Why! general, it seems to me you must have stood very badly to receive such a wound," remarked the doctor. The old man became silent, and did not recur any more to the subject.

N. B. The father-in-law of Dickerson was Erwin, and his second in the duel, a Dr. Cattel. I spell the name according to Dr. James Overton's way: Dickerson, and not Dickinson as it is written by others.

MARY ASHBURTON.*

A TALE OF MARYLAND LIFE.

CHAPTER VI.

I could see them constantly together from my window, walking about the woods, down the meadow, but most frequently in the park where they wandered among the stately old trees in the shade, reminding me of the pictures I had seen of Adam and Eve in the paradisaical garden.

Once when I had run down to the mill-stream to look for water cresses, and was wading in the wet grass under the arch, they crossed on the bridge above.

I was not aware of their presence until I heard their voices, and looking hastily up, saw that they had paused, and were gazing around at the pretty, rustic scene. I met their glance as I looked up.

"Your wood nymph has turned Naiad," I heard her say, as she slightly bent her head to look over the arch.

"More like a Caryatid," for my arm was extended as if hunting for something against the stone pier.

In my confusion, I pulled out a clump of rich scarlet moss, trying indignantly to recover some self-possession, enough, at least, to offer them to her.

He had bowed and all preoccupied with one another they moved on, while I quickly jumped on the arch and proceeded homeward.—My way lay for a short distance with theirs, and to avoid the necessity of re-appearing before the lovers, I crept through the hedge and walked on the other side, the sound of their low voices being soon lost in the space that intervened between us.

Now came the time for her visit to terminate. The sweet summer season would soon be over with its soft breezes, and sweet country scenery, and she would return to her home as his affianced bride. The gay guests were all gone now, the Grove looked deserted for Alfred left it too to visit her in her city home; not so often however as he would have done, had not his father frequently required his services in his own affairs.

The autumn came and went; so did the winter. I mended the boys' jackets, knit their stockings, performed all my accustomed duties, relieved for the present by her absence from the Grove, yet thinking bitterly of their happiness when together, and my own desolation.

Mother insisted upon my accompanying her about the neighborhood, and I went with her as she desired; she driving our safe old Bill in the "buggy," with a little boy to open the gates, in the foot of the vehicle.

The little ones loved me and crowded around me as they were wont to do, and begged me for the stories which my fancy was ever

* Continued from page 76.

weaving. The young girls now treated me with a shy liking, as if aware that their company was not congenial, yet won by the kindness I always tried to throw in my manner to like me after all and exonerate me from the suspicion of pride in my loftier attainments, of which I had sometimes been accused. The young men behaved to me pretty much as their sisters did, treating me with respect, yet approaching me with an awkwardness and hesitancy, that did not exhibit itself when thrown in more congenial companionship. I was kindly polite, nothing more; never romped with them at the taffy pullings, nor suffered them to squeeze my hand under the quilt at the quilting party, nor was kissed by them in "redeeming the forfeits."

Mother regarded all this with a dissatisfied eye.

"Put the children down out of your lap, Mary" she would say, "go and play with the other girls. Do more like other people."

And father said sometimes.—"Why, lass, you make the young men afraid of you. You can never expect to marry any other than a farmer's son. There's many a well-to-do lad around here. Don't frighten the boys away so. I want you to have somebody to take care of you when I am gone."

"All women don't marry, father," I replied, "I want nothing better than to live with you and mother."

"Nonsense, girl, we can't live always, and you'll get over this foolishness when they call you old maid, poor old Miss Mary and the like, and are all alone in the world."

I knew of no desolation but one and that was now and forever till death came to give me relief, so the picture my poor father drew of my future loneliness did not distress me in the least, coupled as it was in his fancy with a strapping son-in-law and the busy farm wife.

"Never mind, father. Trust me to take care of myself. I shall not want for friends, so don't fear for me."

"Foolishness!" he exclaimed contemptuously, "I agree with your mother now that you have read too many novels, and they would have been best let alone. You'd be better off in my estimation to be like other people."

This was very hard. How little they knew of my struggles, the constant effort that kept me up, and gave me the appearance of interest in the household work, the every day affairs of life, my inward soul sickening at the monotonous routine which was performed automaton-like; yet persevering through it all and concealing my sorrow from the eyes of those around me.

I never permitted myself to look towards the Grove now, to sit at my window at night and watch the shadows flicker over his. But I knew instinctively when it was there, or when the blackened panes told of his absence with *her* who would soon be brought there a bride. How I longed for removal from the neighborhood! I thought of years of future suffering—the beautiful bride, the idolized wife, the mistress of his

home, permitted the sweet privilege of being ever near him. I would see them riding and walking together, be constant witness of his devotion to one who would be then 'bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh:' see them, hear of them, meet with them at times; no escape from harrowing thoughts, my ears ever compelled to hear, my eyes to witness what made my own life a desolation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REVIEW OF "BEAUSEINCOURT."

"GENIUS has many phases," says one of the characters in the above remarkable book. True—and the divine spark illumines souls diversely; as "one star differeth from another in glory."—There is a gradation here, as in all things else "under the sun," as we shall find also among the eternities of the "Land of the Hereafter." Genius of the highest grade, and of brilliant phase, has shone upon the pages of "Beauseincourt." As a book it is strong, strange, and subtle. It has been said by an eminent writer "There is no Northern woman who could have written a romance so bold, live and magnetic as the 'Household of Bouverie,' and no Northern man could have sent ringing down to posterity, such a glorious lyric as 'My Maryland.'" This I believe—most religiously; (and, by the by, it does me good to believe it.) Thus it comes that "Beauseincourt" could only have sprung from the richer, (and as yet not over-worked,) mental strata of the Southern mind. Its very basis—that strong and terrible text—RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE—is a thing forgotten or ignored at present, by "our brethren of the North;" but most admirably does this work of a Southron brain illustrate the dread sentence,

> "'Tis the eternal law where Guilt is,
> Sorrow shall answer it."

I will not do author, publisher, or reader, the injustice to attempt an analyzation of the book before us, much less reveal the working of its plot and counterplots.—These are managed with great ability and skill; woven artistically so as to throw upon a sombre ground the crimson pattern of the web—i. e. the *purpose* of the book: an enforcement of the truth,—"all human life is sacred," and blood still cries for blood. I might perhaps, with propriety, note the remarkable portrayal of contrasting pictures—the leonine monster, Marcelline, and that princely boy, Walter Lavigne. I might instance that lightning-like limning which reveals to us the *man* in the lord of "Beauseincourt," and the lurid gleam which discloses also the *fiend*. I might—nay, must, say a word for Bertie. A most extraordinary creation was the Master of Bouverie,—a

still more extraordinary heroine in embryo, is the child, Bertie Lavigne. I can see her at this moment, with her rare sun-smile, her clear, piercing intuitions, her clair-voyant mentality, walking innocently in the shadow of a dread secret, and realizing keenly that her

> "Soul from out that shadow
> Should be lifted—nevermore."

More than one picture of her is stamped indelibly upon memory's page. As for instance—

"She lay with her hands clasped over her small childish breast,—heaving convulsively now,—her seraphic eyes turned to heaven, her lips moving as if in prayer. It was the charm of this creature that she had no self-consciousness. She was like a bird on the tree, or a panther in the desert, or a deer in the wild, in this respect; every movement, every sound, was unconstrained and natural, and volition was her only being."

Such a child, and to hide so closely the coiled adder of a horrible secret—folding the slender hands over the young, struggling heart, and sternly stifling down the dreary cries wrung forth by her incommunicable sorrow!—Pity, love, sympathy, and veneration possess us by turns, as we realize that—"It is a strange feeling to reverently hold the clues of conduct that, in the sight of others less enlightened, seems inconsistent, if not absurd. Nothing had ever touched me more than this bitter, passionate outburst on the part of that suffering child, hoarding her secret of anguish from all eyes, yet at times touched through its possession into agony, unexplained, and unendurable." Poor—poor, Bertie! So early learning her life-lesson "to suffer and be still!" In this volume she is still a child. Her history will doubtless be carried out in another work from the same magical pen:—I have an intuition that she is yet to be one of the grand heroines of our Revolution. I shall one day see her standing with her graceful height, her tawny hair and clear far-seeing vision, amid those baying and "impatient dogs of war, whose fierce regards affright even the ministers of vengeance who feed them." A book, with Bertie Lavigne as its heroine, could not fail to be absorbing. I ponder over to myself, dreamily, the splendor of the rose which is to unfold from such a bud. I confess to an intense curiosity, not unmingled with anxiety, to ascertain whether her creator can develop a woman fully equal to the promise of this child—fully consistent with the character of this embryo. The *woman* should be a grand one,—all the more real, all the more lovable, in that she is not—

> "Faultily faultless—splendidly null."

I shall watch for you, Bertie.—Through that cloud of grief which settled so darkly upon your young soul, I shall watch to see the lightning-stroke which shall make or mar, not only your own life, but the lives of all who love you. The cloud itself will never pass away. Its action must be persistent—permanent. A nature like yours could not forget it. You were right, strange child, when you said:

"I shall walk alone through life on account of that shadow.—No one else shall ever come under its bleak influence for my sake, and until the Judgment Day it will cling around me."

As to the literary merits of "Beauseincourt" and the "Romance of the Green Seal;" (Mrs. Warfield's late novels;) they are not to say so continuously "brilliant," as they are original, bold, and full of a forceful vitality. All over these books gems are scattered profusely:—trenchant "truths expressed in the shortest and sharpest form, looking up at you like an eye" from every page.—They are truths and they look straight at you, always fully and fearlessly,—though some of these unblenching orbs have a weird expression, and some have a wicked gleam in them that involuntarily recalls the gem called "Gnome-eye" in Bouverie. This tendency of Mrs. Warfield towards *the strange* in story, (as it does not pass the limits of good taste,) is exceedingly fascinating to the imaginative reader. Like Poe she enchains us at her will, though she never rushes into the enchanted extravagancies of the "mad poet." Her genius leads her, as it were, down into the depths of her subject, and if there be "a weird and wandering star" to cast its pallid lustre over the scene she is sure to follow it, as the poet did Astarte, even though it lead to a lonely mausoleum, deep in the "ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir." The element of *strangeness*, when artistically wielded, is one of intense and subtle power, we follow involuntarily, with hushed heart-beats and bated breath, the master will that leads us down, down through sombre solitudes, whose solitary star-beam is—

> "The light that never was on sea or shore."

To this subtle influence Mrs. Warfield adds force, variety, and comprehensiveness. She is liberally endowed with creative power—Bertie Lavigne, and the Master of Bouverie are originals. She does not write several books to give us her *one idea* of a woman—but Camilla, Miriam, and Madame Aglai Maurepas, are as diverse as the latitudes in which they dwell. There is a magnetism about these creations which impresses one that they are living women, and makes you wish that they *belonged to you*—as *real* women, I mean. They "take possession" of you like the characters in Marion Evans', "Adam Bede," and "Mill on the Floss." The vivid light of *vraisemblance*, is round about them. Camilla Bouverie is a grand woman, such as angels acknowledge and bow before;—Maggie Tulliver a glorious woman, such as men are glad to die for. (That is when there is no possibility of *living* for them.) I read the generality of novels with a sort of stupid wonder as to why the men adore the heroines; and *vice versa*, am usually oppressed with an equally stupid astonishment as to wherefore the heroines adore the heros! Of course it is my fault—not the novels. Yet I can understand why Erastus, the false man, loved Camilla, the true woman; I can feel through every nerve the supreme

—the more than manly devotion of Philip Wakem; and realize thrillingly the mad passion which Stephen held for Maggie Tulliver. Perhaps this is because these are men and women—not merely heros and heroines. One of the most especial charms of Mrs. Warfield's romances is, that they are perfectly *understandable*. That the author is a person of matured mentality, and ripe scholarship, is readily seen. But her acquirements are not shot at you from a catapult—she does not *Gorgonise* you with her petrifying erudition. She is not given to that fashionable "folly of the wise,"—a parade of her wisdom; nor is she of those whose sublime scholarship soars so far beyond its audience that it forgets to return,—leaving them stranded hopelessly and forever upon the bleak shores of the dictionary. We take up many books now-a-days in which there is a marvelous show of depth;—drop in your plummet line, and you find it simply—obscurity.—The most beautiful waters in the world are those clear, sparkling, sunlit deeps upon whose beds you can count glowing shells shining like so many gems. You plunge down your arm to grasp them,—ah! 'tis *then* you find how deep they lie! Far fathoms down—and yet so fair, so silvery clear, that the child at your side may count the pearly treasures and comprehend them all. So should it be with the "style" of those who would portray for us the deep heart of Humanity. Mrs. Warfield is thoroughly aware of this, she does not aim to perplex, to startle, or to stupefy. She does not inflate a petty thought into balloon-like dimensions,—or, as somebody says, "give the body of a fly suspended between the wings of an eagle." Her observation of human nature is close and keen, but kindly; her insight into its mysteries both clear and profound; her exposition of it at once simple and comprehensive. Her powers have been nourished upon royal fare, and she is (apparently) as unconscious of their royalty as the Princess to whom regal life is an everyday affair. Therefore those powers, developed as they are by an extensive and accurate scholarship, make no show of it, as if it were a mantle worn upon a gala day. Her elaborate study does not crop out in quotation and allusion foreign to her readers, but rather permeates and imbues her entire work. We do not see patches of German metaphysics or ancient erudition sown upon her brain-fabric, regardless of all "the harmonies and the unities," but, if alluded to, they are woven with a graceful touch into her tissue, and shine forth, as *a part of it*, in silvery threads or sable strands.

The fault of "Beauseincourt"—if fault there be,—is a tendency to amplification in some points not strictly necessary to the narrative of the Lavigne family. This, however, we account for, not so much as a fault, but as being necessary to a full understanding of the volume which is to follow as a sequel, and complete the histories of Miriam Montfort and Bertie Lavigne. We should consider it a real loss were this to be left unfinished. Through the strange, Satanic shapes of Revo-

lution, we would see them move once more; and in truth as we linger over the last words spoken of George Gaston and Bertie, we fancy we can hear the first wild wailing of that trumpet-call which heralded a conflict of five long and weary years, when Radicalism,—the "monster birth from the debauch of Priestcraft and Politics," grew "drunk with blood, to vomit crime."

"Men," says James Hogg, "often as they get auld fancy themselves wiser, whereas, in fac' they are only stoopider." So with the wise world of critics round about us. There is plenty of mettle in Mrs. Warfield's books, and but little doubt that they will be liberally belabored by those who are simply "*nothing*, if not critical." With all my heart, I say Amen. The author would doubtless felicitate herself upon the fact. Nothing could gratify me so truly, (were I an author,—which Heaven forfend!) as to have my works *well-abused*. If they were not, I should be deeply mortified;—should conclude they were'n't worth a "continental cent"—and should engage Bill Arp's "cussin' man" immediately, at as high a salary as my sorely un-"reconstructed" means would allow. To pay for a "puff" is sheer, and simple nonsense,—to pay for a good growling, a fiery onslaught, or a thunderous pen-thrashing, is,—sound policy and the very best article of common sense. I enjoy heartily the "goosey, goosey" grandeur of the critics who "go in" to annihilate some poor pen-driver, and end by selling his book by the thousand. For, of course, people of discrimination in these days never read what critics praise,—though they devour readily what has been torn into shreds, by the aforesaid ogres.

"Have you read Elsie Venner?" I asked a brilliant woman some months ago.

"No. Has it been much cried down as bad, and stupid, and altogether abominable?" she queried in reply.

"Not that I have seen—on the contrary I believe it has been much bespattered with praise by the professional scalpels."

"Then I'll not trouble myself to read it. I make it a rule never to buy a book until it has been 'scandalously abused' by the regular critical clique, — and I never read one they have d—d—(desecrated, I mean,) with their two-penny praise." And I said laughingly, "Sister in the faith, I am like you."

There is something really inspiring in the half-nonchalant, half-unconscious indifference of a few of our finest writers to either commendation or criticism. They "have done what they could" and therewith are content. They are willing to leave all consequences to time. In a certain sense they resemble

> "Those elect
> Angels, contented with their fame in Heaven,
> And seek not praise of men."

Nevertheless it argues a sort of steely, dread-naught daring in Mrs. Warfield to place her own proper name on the title-page of her Romance. Why not adopt a name savoring of masculinity, or

at best a mystifying *nom de plume?* the privileges, the immunities of Oh! the consideration and court the neuter gender! accorded to the masculine,—ah!

LIFE'S BY-WAYS GREEN.

DEDICATED TO MY LITTLE HUMMING BIRD, M. A. M.

When youth is gone and on our hearts
Old Time would shed his snow,
As down life's beaten, dusty track
With measured steps we go.
It chances sometimes in the heat
And burden of our day,
We turn into a shady lane
And while an hour away.
Here from our weary souls we shake
The dusty cares of life,
And only in the distance hear
The clamor of its strife.
The cooling shade our spirit soothes,
The soft green grassy sward
Recalls the happy days of youth
In pleasure's prairie broad.
But soon the winding pathway turns
And leads us quickly back,
Until our foot-steps tread again
The broad and dusty track.
And we must take the burden up,
Cast for awhile away,
And turn unto life's real work
Neglectful of its play.
Down such a by-way now we tread
Far from the dust and heat,
And soon into the beaten road
Must turn our lingering feet.
But in our hearts we'll carry yet
The fragrance of the hours
When, sauntering down this grassy lane,
We gathered prairie flowers.

TENELLA.

PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING*

INTERVENTION, NOT BY ENGLAND.

In the race of the States for freedom and self-government, Kentucky joined with that ardor and whole-souled energy which seem her inseparable characteristics.

By a provident foresight on the part of General Buckner, carried into effect by the Legislature as early as 1859, the entire militia of the State was organized into a State guard, with General Buckner in the position of Chief Inspector and Colonel Helm second in command. The superior excellence of these distinguished gentlemen was nobly displayed in the good discipline and efficiency in arms so universal among the Kentucky troops, and too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the patient labor which produced such a desirable result.

In all the ranks of enthusiastic adherents to the Southern cause, none acted with greater promptness and devotion, than Mr. Franklin, who literally considered all things subordinate to the one subject of vital and all-absorbing interest. His energy and spirit animated all with whom he was associated, and his influence in contributing to the good of the cause was exceedingly great. His time, his money, his house, himself were all placed at the disposal of his country, and their acceptance on the part of the authorities was considered as a positive favor.

Loui La Fronde was a zealous assistant in all plans having for their object Southern independence, and the family who had before looked on him as one of them, now felt themselves bound to him by the tie of a newer and more perfect union.

Mrs. Franklin espoused the cause of her State and the South with all the ardor of her large warm heart, and even Mary's usual placidity was exchanged for as near an approach to enthusiasm as was compatible with her calm, undemonstrative nature.

Loui, on the secession of Louisiana, had announced his intention of returning to Belle Espérance for the purpose of joining a company raised in his native State, and had commenced the preparations for his departure, when a necessary absence on the part of Mr. Franklin induced him to remain in Louisville as the protector of the ladies.

In the mean time he accepted an appointment as captain under the noble Helm, then recently commissioned as colonel of the 1st Kentucky cavalry, and rendered efficient service at Bowling Green. By the time that the return of Mr. Franklin released Loui from his by no means unpleasant duty as head of the house, so warm a friendship had sprung up between him and his gallant commander, whose great personal attractions were equalled

* Continued from page 50.

only by his legal knowledge, strict integrity and faultless courage, that its result was an abandonment of his original intention and a continuance in his present position.

When on the 25th April Admiral Farragut obtained an easy victory over a defenceless and unresisting city; and despite his peremptory demands and threats of bombardment, was reluctantly obliged, by means of his own marines, to remove the Confederate Flag from the City Hall of New Orleans, Mr. La Fronde again determined to return to Louisiana for the purpose of protecting his aunt, and of removing her from a place so exposed as Belle Espérance would in all probability become, but duty again interfered with his plans.

As the time went on, Col. Helm had won the position of Brigadier General, and Loui, following his commander, exchanged his captaincy for a majority in the –th regiment Kentucky infantry, and was kept in a state of constant activity.

After the battle of Baton Rouge, when the brave young General received so disastrous a wound, Loui, who had fought like a tiger during the engagement, was one of the party under whose escort the wounded officer was conveyed to the residence of a planter, and remained in charge of him until his services were no longer required.

Obtaining a short leave of absence, Maj. La Fronde started with the almost impossible object of reaching Belle Espérance by land and removing his aunt from the vicinity of Butler, then waging fierce war against women and silver plate. A determined trial proved the impracticability of the plan, and Loui returned to his command and shared in its fortune and that of its gallant commander.

In his secret heart, Loui was but too glad of any event which, without the direct exercise of his own volition, would withdraw him from Louisville and the house of Mr. Franklin. Not that the many charms of the latter had in any way lost their power to please, but from a growing conviction that a tacit understanding was established between Mr. and Mrs. Franklin, in which he was considered a participant, to the effect that sooner or later, he would ask the hand of Mary, and that it would not be refused.

Many a man in his position would have desired nothing more than the certainty of a marriage with one so pure, lovely, and gifted as Miss Franklin, whose other claims for consideration were of a most substantial and valuable kind. Material and mental attractions were all lost upon Loui, who regarded the young girl with a feeling of respect, even reverence, but with far less actual admiration than he bestowed upon her mother. As Clive Newcome said—a remark by the way in whose deeply painful truth many and many a man in poor Clive's position has feelingly coincided,—"the shoe was a very pretty one, but it did not fit," and Loui shrank with all the refined Epicureanism of his sensuous nature from entailing upon himself an

alliance which would force him to wear the pretty but uncomfortable shoes, a necessity, which a union with Miss Franklin would certainly impose.

His exquisite tact of manner prevented the least manifestation of his feelings on the subject, and Mary adopting the unspoken but apparent views of her parents, and still more misled by her wishes which invested hope with the semblance of reality, yielded to the delightful conviction that Loui's love equalled her own, and that she might, with no sacrifice of maidenly feeling, give him the deepest affection with which a woman may properly regard him who is to be her future husband.

To part with him, who was more to her than existence, was the one trial of her life, but she bore it bravely, supported by her confidence in Loui, and still more by her childish faith in the great Disposer of all, even the most trivial events, which affect humanity.

Then Loui wrote often, and he had the French art of so graphically writing a letter, that a perusal of it was almost a facsimile of a talk with its writer, and produced a sensation of delightful freshness and animation. Loui was well, Loui was happy, Loui was all her own, and so her pure life went on, passed in the conscientious discharge of its duties, and she moved calmly on, utterly unconscious that she had substituted an earthly idol in the place of her God, and bowed down to it with the ceaseless adoration which she thought she gave her Maker.

The course of Cupid did not proceed with any the less of its traditional want of smoothness at South Side, nor were Miss Charley and the Professor exempt from its penalties. The Christmas which had been appointed for their marriage found that event a victim to the state of the country, and the confirmed belief of Col. Preston that the beginning of another season would see the South free and elevated to a position of the utmost prosperity and national greatness.

"Fight out another campaign?" said that sanguine gentlemen in reply to a mild suggestion from the groom-elect that such an event was at least possible, and that the purposed union need not be delayed on account of a prospect of peace—

"Fight any more? No Sir! The rascals have had their fill of fighting, and since Beauregard and Joe Johnston have taught them that campaign does'nt mean champagne, as old Scott and Senator Wilson made them believe when they went on a picnic to Richmond, they'll be only too glad of any excuse to drop the 'job' which they find too big for them. Don't be in a hurry, James—Charley is very young, and our present life here is a very pleasant one."

The Professor admitted both assertions unhesitatingly, but intimated that agreeable as his present life was, it could and would receive an incalculable addition of happiness if he could become singly and in his own right, the lawful proprietor of the fair and fascinating Charley.

"Besides, Colonel," he continued, while a pained look passed over his handsome face, "I cannot afford to delay—I am growing to be an old man!"

"Old? fiddlestick!" ejaculated the Colonel contemptuously, "Old! How old are you, James?"

"Thirty, sir," was the reply in a tone which would have been appropriate to an octagenarian.

"And you call that old!" said the old gentleman testily; "I am upwards of twice thirty-five and I assure you I do not consider myself old! You've been at South Side ten years, and my word upon it, James, you are a younger man this night, in appearance and manner, than you were on the day you assumed the care of Frank and Charley. A blessed day it was for all of us, James.—Nay, I will speak," he continued as the Professor began a piteous appeal that the subject should at once be dropped. "I know your horror of being thanked, but if I don't speak out I shall burst.—From the day you sacrificed the highest position William and Mary could bestow, and buried yourself and your talents in this old country house to educate two children, just to gratify a whim of mine and because you fancied I had done you a former service, you've been a comfort and a blessing to us all. Bless my soul, James, I'm so glad Charley loves you! In giving you that precious child, I feel that I make you the only return that is commensurate with your deserts."

"My dear sir," said the Professor, still suffering from this onslaught on his modesty, "if you imagine that the deserts of any mortal man can begin to approximate Miss Charley's value, you deceive yourself egregiously—far more so when the man is the one so unworthy of her as I am!"

"She's the best judge of that, James, and to her I refer the subject. She is as wise as she's pretty, and has a proclivity for always recognizing the best article of its kind. Festina lente, James, in this marrying business—there's plenty of time!"

"But it seems to me, sir, that our progress is 'lentissime,' and this matter is so near my heart," said the Professor, in a voice he tried hard to make jovial.

"So it is with mine, James, and wife's, and so I believe it is with the child, but old folks know best, and I am convinced that for all reasons, it is best the wedding should be postponed until the spring when this affair is settled."

"But, Colonel," persisted the Professor, "it may not be settled then."

"Not settled! By George, James, if the rascals," (let it be here explained that by this generic term, rascals, Colonel Preston indicated the enemies of his country, termed variously at the time, United States Troops, Federals and Yankees,) "don't get tired of fighting, and they are sick of it now, England will at once interpose. What'll she do without cotton?"

She did very well without cotton! Some thousands of maledictions went up to heaven from the famished throats of her starving operatives who, though Cotton was a king deposed like Lear, still

clung to him with a Cordelia like devotion. Some millions of rupees from the royal treasury were expended in the vain attempt to import the fleecy treasure from India, and something very like a tarnish came over the brightness of the National shield from the peculiar ideas entertained by Cabinet Ministers on the subject of a much misunderstood word—Neutrality. But these were mere subjects for sprightly newspaper paragraphs and rather ponderous debates in the House of Lords.—England's bulwark of honor—her immense wealth—was intact, and *ruat coelum* so that were safe!

If England disappointed the predictions of the Colonel, in doing without cotton, so did the Yankees in regard to not growing tired of the war.

Weary enough the people proper were of it, but those who had command, seeing that Mr. Seward's small promissory note for ninety days had been protested by the great Southern Bankers, and that a new one was absolutely necessary, went to work to regularly arrange and systematize matters and to effect the "job," as it was technically termed, by contract.

Government contracts are proverbial for enriching the individual at the expense of the national party in the transaction, and now that war had assumed the appearance of a gigantic goose, which laid not one, but thousands of golden eggs, the Chiefs of the country were by no means inclined to hurry themselves in killing so auriferous and valuable a fowl.

So the months sped on bringing the Springtime to gladden nature, but bringing no peace for the South and no bride for the Professor.

On the evening of one of the bright Spring days, Camille burst into her Aunt's pretty parlor with an open letter in her hand and her beautiful face flushed into more than its usual color with pain and indignation.

"What is the matter, Camille?" asked Charley, who with her grandparents and the Professor, was spending the evening at Broadfields, "has any one been troubling you?"

"Yes, through cousin Jacqueline," replied Camille excitedly. "Only think, a party of wretches sent off on a thieving expedition by Butler, have been to Belle Espérance, stolen whatever was valuable, destroyed the rest, and carrying off most of the servants, have left poor cousin alone and, I fear, in great suffering."

"The rascals!" shouted the Colonel, "just like them to attack a defenceless and crippled woman for the sake of her silver! I only wish I had that beast here!"

"What would you do with him, Grandpa?" enquired Miss Charley, who did not love the said beast any more than her grandfather, and who derived a positive pleasure in hearing him receive at Confederate mouths the justice he was sure to obtain.

"Do?" said the choleric Colonel, "I'd make a Crassus of him by sticking his ugly body full of silver forks and pouring melted spoons down his craven throat!"

"That would be to make the

metal base by contact; would't it, Grandpa? Now I think," continued Miss Charley, rubbing her pretty nose with the tip of her finger, a process which was always indicative of deep thought, "death is too easy an ending to Beast Butler's villainy. I should let him live, for I know that his cowardice and his secret love of the world's favor, no matter how he may pretend to defy it, will make his existence one lingering discomfort. You know old Satan will get him of course, the moment he dies, and *he* will punish him!"

"How, Miss Charley?" asked the Professor, amused at the young lady's emphatic assertion of future events.

"Well, I can't exactly decide," said Miss Charley, "but I know one thing, if he wishes the sentence well executed, he had better put it in the hands of a Southern woman! That is, of course, if any of them should be so unfortunate as to go to the place to which Butler is bound. I must confess, Professor, that one increased incentive to goodness is given me by the knowledge that if I am not good, I shall be forced to meet Butler on terms of social—at least spiritual, equality!"

"Little fear of that, child," chuckled the Colonel. "But give us the details of the attack on your cousin, my dear," he continued to Camille, who sat still absorbed in her letter.

"Cousin writes," she replied, glancing at the commencement of the delicately written epistle, which an accommodating blockade runner had smuggled beyond the lines, "that the first intimation she had of the approach of the wretches, was the fact that old Joseph rushed into her sitting room, of an ashy color and trembling in every limb." "Throwing himself at my feet," read Camille from the letter, "he stammered as well as he could for fear, that a party of Butler's men were then at the gate, that he would die before he would desert me, or assist them, but that he must secrete himself till they should leave. Knowing the innate cowardice of the negro race, I was not surprised at the conduct of Joseph, but I must confess I was not prepared for the behavior of Fifine, from whom, in right of a lifetime of uninterrupted kind treatment, I was warranted in expecting at least respect.

"Scarcely had Joseph disappeared through my private door, when that at the opposite extremity of the room was pushed rudely open and a squad, of about thirty, of the most villainous looking wretches I ever beheld outside of your father's illustrated copy of the Inferno, armed to the teeth, and evidently somewhat under the influence of liquor, rushed in.

"A lady, my child, you know is ever a lady, and it did not become the representative of the La Frondes to act in an inhospitable manner, even to her enemies, so turning in my chair, I said to one who seemed in authority—I think his superiority was due to his brutality and excessive ugliness—'I have not the honor of Monsieur's acquaintance, but if Monsieur will be so good as to make known the object of this singular visit, I will

endeavor to execute Monsieur's wishes.'

"'Doant you mossou me, you old hag,' was his polite reply, 'as for executing, I'll execute you with drumhead court-martial if you don't tell me if that fellow of a relation of yours ain't hid here.'

"'Do you mean Maj. La Fronde, C. S. Army?' I asked.

"His reply was an oath, and an intimation that he knew Loui was not here—you know, child, he is now in Kentucky with Gen. Helm—but that if I did not at once give him the plate and all else valuable in the house, as well as information which I possessed of the place in which a large chest of treasure had been secreted by a neighbor, he would hang me to my own front door.

"'You may do that,' said I, 'and you may obtain the valuables of the house of which I am protector, but I should hold myself as vile as you, were I in any way to assist you.'

"'All right, old witch,' he said with a volley of horrible oaths, 'I'll put hot coals under your feet and roast them before I hang you!'

"'As you like,' I replied, 'nothing that one of you can do, can possibly surprise me, unless indeed you were to perform an honorable action.'

"I could have died, child, but I never would have divulged the trust of my friend, and so the wretches seemed instinctively to feel, for I heard one of them say, 'It's losing time trying to get any words out o' that old gal. She's got the real Secesh she-devil grit. Let's go in for the swag.' What the last might be I had not the slightest conception, but I soon learned that it stood for plunder, and nobly did the gallant knights fulfill their vocation.

"With a dexterity which must have been obtained by constant practice, they subjected the room to the most minute examination, so that had anything larger than a pin been concealed there, it must have been discovered.

"In the midst of their search Fifine entered the room, and with a lightness of manner and insolence of deportment I had never seen, carried on a conversation with the robbers, and lent them every assistance in their spoliation.

"Then, child, ensued a scene, which I am glad your young eyes will never witness, and from which I recoiled from very shame of human nature.

"Of my personal indignities I say nothing—I am glad, child, to have suffered for the sake of our family—I had always thought the sight of personal and incurable deformity secured to its unhappy possessor, at least, freedom from indignity. Suffice to say that I now found it was otherwise, and that which should have been my protection, was converted into a new source of cruelty and insult.

"Well, child, they left undone nothing that vile hearts or sordid natures could suggest to depraved minds. I would not pollute my page, nor your ears, child, by the horrible oaths, and obscene actions of these human fiends, but their last act was one so much in keeping with their character that I must tell it.

"Finding from Fifine that my

comfort, if not my existence, depended on the use of my chair, which you know Loui had made for me in Paris, they dragged me out of it, and cut it to pieces before my eyes, with maledictions upon me that a devil would have gloried in heaping.

"I contrived, by the exercise of excessive endurance, to sit up against the wall, that they might not see how completely they had crushed me, and as they were leaving the room in a body, bearing with them all they had not destroyed, and with Fifine hanging with disgusting familiarity on the arm of their leader, I said to them as quietly as if I had been dismissing a levee: 'You have stolen all that you think valuable, and destroyed all you did not steal; you have subjected me to suffering and despoiled me of all that made life pleasant, but I glory in the thought, that of my most valuable possession, you have not been able to deprive me. My birth-right is still mine and is, like the line of La Fronde from which I sprang, as far above your reach as heaven is.'

"Of course, child, the wretches were not affected, but the speech was a great relief to me!

"They went off suddenly, as they had come, Fifine with them, and late in the evening, Joseph returned and found me in a pitiable condition. His old wife, faithful as he, came with him, and thanks to the money my nephew had sent me, and the kind services of the good minister and other friends, I am now in a position of comparative comfort.

"Loui insists that I shall join him and accept the invitation of Mr. and Madame Franklin, who are so good as to entreat that I make my home with them for the war, and I shall accede. It may become a permanent home, child; I am growing old, and I am somewhat crushed in spirits by loneliness and separation from what remains of my once proud family. I pine to see Loui's face and to be sheltered by his love. I wish, child, it had been otherwise with you. I think of your blighted youth and feel almost a criminal. I am wonderfully softened, child, and I have learned to thank God for the suffering which bent my proud spirit, and will, I trust, make me a better woman. Forgive me, child, any and all pain I may have brought to you. Do not cherish resentment against your husband—try to love him—I see now, child, those who love most are the best and happiest."

The voice of the reader died away, and the letter of Mademoiselle remained unfinished.

"Noble lady!" exclaimed the Colonel, trying to perform surreptitiously the absolutely necessary operation of blowing his nose. "She has the spirit of a hero!"

"I wish she would make her home with us," said the kindly voice of Mrs. Esten.

"So do I, my dear," replied her husband, "though I begin to feel the day may come when we ourselves will be forced to leave our homes in the search of a safer position."

"I'll never leave Southside unless President Davis and the country need me elsewhere!" said

the Colonel, in a tone of fierce determination, as he rose in response to his wife's intimation that it was time to return.

"Suppose we all had to go, what would you do, Camille?" asked Miss Charley, trying to rouse the former from the depression consequent upon the contents of her cousin's letter.

"I?" she replied, lifting up her dreamy eyes, "I should become a nurse in a hospital. I often think of it even now."

"Too young, my dear," said the Colonel, laying his hand on her bright head, "and a great deal too pretty! What would you do, Charley, child?"

"Put on boys' clothes and volunteer!" was the laughing reply. "I couldn't borrow a suit of you, Grandpa, nor of the Professor, but Frank's fit me exactly!" said the saucy beauty, as she slipped her little hand under the Professor's arm and went off with him to the carriage.

"When did you hear from Frank?" asked Mr. Esten of Mrs. Preston as he conducted her down the stairs.

"Yesterday," she replied; "he is with his company on the Rappahanock, and his mother and I are anxious about him in such an exposed position."

"He is a brave fellow and will do his duty nobly!" said the gentleman warmly.

"Of course; Frank is a Southern soldier!" was the proud reply.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SONNET.

November days! month beautiful and rare!
Of russet leaves, sad thoughts and pensive dreams;
When birds scarce sing and softly glide the streams,
And golden languors steep the smoky air.
The squirrel hoards his winter nuts and grain,
In woods where winds low requiems now wail;
The partridge whistles in sere fields again,
And from brown copse and thicket pipes the quail.
The robin now his red breast first displays
In hedge or orchard that all slumbrous lies;
Valley and hill sleep mellowed in dim haze,
And forests stand all stained in gorgeous dyes;
The ruddy sun e'en shines with softened blaze
Through gauzy mists that like faint incense rise!

"A LITTLE JOKE."

Dear Haversack:—I enclose a piece of jocularity clipped from the "United States Service Magazine" for May, 1866, which is almost as rich as the famous Congressional Joke, being, in fact, a number of jokes all rolled into one. As it is too rich to be condensed I present it, comments and all:

"One of the most extraordinary incidents of the field, during the late war, occurred on July 7, 1863, or was reported on that day, in a telegram to the Northern newspapers. It may be relied upon as perfectly authentic, several instances having come within my knowledge, of creditable witnesses to the event, who were not a little proud that the enemy in equal force fled at simply seeing them.

THE BROWN FACES OF THE VETERANS.

"At the battle of Gettysburg, when Longstreet made his attack on our centre, our men were behind a stone wall. The rebels were told that the men ahead were only militia, and so marched boldly up. When within thirty yards of the Union line they recognized the bronzed features of their old enemy, and the cry was raised: '*The Army of the Potomac!*' when they became at once demoralized and were cut to pieces. Nearly all the rebels shot in the attack on the centre were struck in the head.

"When this took place, the soldiers of the South were beginning to be ashamed of the vaunt so freely put forth in 1861, and believed in with such self-complacent vanity, that one rebel was a match for five or seventeen Yankees. There is now no honest rebel who will not admit that man for man, and American for American, became the fair rule in the end."

Rich as this is, as a piece of sarcasm, I must own to having been surprised to find it in a magazine supported in great part by the very army upon which, the terrible satire of the story and the bitter irony of the last sentence of the remarks upon it, most reflect. The mystery was solved, however, by my finding that this magazine was equally intended for the Naval and *Marine* branches of the service, this anecdote of course being exclusively written for the latter. Excuse me for dwelling a little upon that last sentence, for anything *well said*, and suggesting even more than is said! is sweeter to me than honey in the honey comb, and I love to roll it "as a sweet morsel under my tongue."

How suggestive is the expression "man for man" of how different would have been our condition now, had that *ever* been the rule. The official figures of the war are at last beginning to be published and they must soon enlighten even the "Marines."—Here are a few of them. At Sharpsburg, McClellan 94,000, Lee 37,000; at Chancellorsville, Hooker 132,000, Lee 55,000; at the Wilderness, Grant 141,166, Lee, 52,-626; at Petersburg, April 1, 1865, Grant, 160.000, Lee, 40,000; at Appomattox, Grant about 120,-000, Lee, 8,000 armed, 17,000 un-

armed. Total Federal force in the field at time of surrender, 1,000,000. Total number of Confederates surrendered or paroled throughout Confederacy 174.223.

Total number of soldiers put in field during the war, by Federals, 2,879,049 (not including Regular Army and Navy, but counting every re-enlistment as a new man.) Total number who ever bore arms for Confederacy, 600,000 (a Federal estimate from captured records of the C. S. War Department.)

But the originality and novelty of the claim that "man for man" was a fair proportion, will probably strike the marines even more forcibly than its irony, for the most that the Northern press claimed at the commencement of the war was, that twenty could whip seven, and their only hope, in the dark days of war, was that the odds in their favor were continually increasing, and that after the "cradle and the grave" alone were left to oppose them, and the negroes were enlisted on their side, their triumph would be assured.

On the whole, the story is rather a hard one, even from a "Marine" point of view, but looked upon from the stand-point of Longstreet's corps, what shall we say of it. In behalf of this corps, we must be allowed to remark that it will be time enough to notice the insinuations when *some little plausibility* is given to the story, by making it read that the recognition was caused by the "veterans" solemnly rising, and turning their *well known blue backs* to the terrified gaze of the assaulting rebels: moreover that it was most fortunate that the corps recovered from this scare before the next meeting in the Wilderness.

Strange to say, however, this piece of satire is *popular* at the North, though not exactly in the form that it was presented to the marines. It is even to be found in Swinton's "History of the Army of the Potomac," though in modified form. Swinton says nothing about the "features" or backs or other grounds of recognition, and but simply declares that it took place, and some "North Carolinians comparatively green," were the demoralized troops which shouted, "The Army of the Potomac" and fell such an easy prey to that redoubtable organization.

It is not worth your while, however, Dear Haversack, to even point to the numberless fields where "North Carolinians, comparatively green," have faced the dread A. P. and made a record of which the whole South was, and is proud, for on an adjacent page, Mr. Swinton himself tells a truth that sufficiently contradicts all such stories, in the following words: "Such was the contempt of its opponent engendered by Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, that there was not in his ranks a barefoot soldier, in tattered grey, but believed Lee would lead him and the Confederate army into Baltimore and Washington, if not into Philadelphia and New York."

CRANBERRY CULTURE.

"MIND must be the emancipator of the farmer," said Timothy Titcomb. Not only has mind done much to emancipate the farmer, in the invention of labor-saving machinery, but mind has also accomplished much in selecting new farm products, which yield more and pay better than the old. Nicholas Longworth was deemed a visionary when he commenced the culture of grapes on a large scale. Yet how much he accomplished, both for himself and his country, is shown by the thousands of vineyards which now yield their rich harvests to the husbandman. Col. Buckner's large and profitable crops of winter apples, grown from a soil too poor to produce two hundred pounds of seed cotton to the acre, is another instance of the triumph of mind in farming. There are hundreds of acres of bog land in our country, which are useless in their present condition. It has been demonstrated that such land will yield most profitable crops, if planted in Cranberries. It is now also ascertained that they can be grown at least as far South as the Carolinas. A gentleman in Hyde county, North Carolina, sent a specimen of his crop (a very fine one) to the editors of a Raleigh paper. They are found growing wild near Lincolnton, in the same State. A load of hay was purchased, we are informed, by Dr. Butt, of that place, who recognized the Cranberry stems amongst the dried grasses, which composed the hay. They grew four miles west of Lincolnton, on the farm of Mr. Lennard. In the mountains of North Carolina, they are found in a wild state in many places, and are often brought down by wagon loads for sale. But no indigenous crops are ever very profitable. It requires the labor of man, directed by his mind, to accomplish anything materially good or great, even in farming. The advantages of Cranberry Culture are these: They never fail to bring a good market price. They can be so easily preserved in a fresh state as to be carried to any part of the world. (American Cranberries have sold in the London market at $8 per bushel.) They require but little cultivation after the soil is once properly planted. They are extremely productive. The art of raising Cranberries consists in selecting a soil that is always damp, and if flowed with water in the winter and spring, it it better. The soil must either be naturally loose and barren, so that the Cranberry vines will overcome the weeds and grass, which may spring up, or it must be covered with sand and gravel. If the soil is fertile they will inevitably be choked out by other plants.—Many persons at the North obtain the plants by sowing the seed, but this is a slow and uncertain method. The easiest way is by setting out blocks of soil or sods, containing the full grown plants. Transplanting the denuded roots is very difficult. The sods should be

about a foot square, if possible, and placed four feet apart each way. The plants, however, which are obtained from good nurserymen with the roots entire, ought to be relied upon. They are furnished by Mr. Prince, at Flushing, N. Y., at $5 per thousand. D. L. Halsey, who has been a very successful cultivator of this valuable fruit, says: "I would recommend the setting of Cranberry plants two to two and a half feet apart each way for large plots, and fifteen to eighteen inches for small ones. At two feet it requires 10,000 plants to set an acre; at two and a half feet 7,000; at eighteen inches 19,000. Set at any time when the ground is not too dry. I have set them at all seasons except when the ground was frozen, with success. They do well on any poor, swampy land, where nothing else will grow—by taking off the top of the ground to remove wild grass and vegetable matter, and then carting on beach or other sand to the depth of two or three inches, to level the ground and to prevent grass and weeds killing the vines, and to keep the ground loose around the plant. For borders and garden plots, spade out the manured surface a few inches deep, to form a new surface, of three parts sand and one part muck, on which set the plants according to fancy. The thicker they are set the sooner they become matted; if set close, a full crop may be expected the second or third year.

They bear abundantly on marshes covered with coarse sand, entirely destitute of organic matter of any kind, but accessible to moisture—on pure peat, covered with sand, they also do well, and indeed on every variety of soil except clay, which is liable to bake and become hard in dry weather. On soil that can be worked with the plow or harrow, it can be prepared as you would do it for planting out garden or other plants; sometimes it can be burnt over so as to get it in a condition to set out the plants."

Rakes are made for the express purpose of gathering the Cranberries, and one man can gather from thirty to forty bushels per day, with the aid of a boy to pick up the scattered fruit. "Although the rakes tear the vines somewhat, yet the crop is not diminished by raking: on the contrary, it has been increased. A gentleman in Massachusetts commenced raking his little patch of *one-fourth of an acre*, and gathered the first year twelve bushels, the next year eighteen, the next year twenty-five, and so on, until his last harvest, when the crop amounted to sixty-five bushels.—The increase is easily accounted for by the method of gathering with rakes: the pulling up of a few of the vines loosens the soil, and although not intended, yet in fact the raking acts as a partial tillage." (Patent Office Report, 1857.)

Much has been said about the culture of Cranberries on uplands, but this will certainly not succeed at the South, and we doubt if it has ever succeeded at the North. The "garden culture" spoken of by Mr. Halsey, must have been

in a favorable situation, that is, in a low, moist spot.

At a meeting of the London Horticultural Society, Mr. Cockburn, of Kenwood, exhibited some American Cranberries, which had been preserved fresh in water for two years. His remarks on the subject were, as follows: "They are a fruit, which is neither cultivated nor appreciated half as much as it ought to be, for it is useful, wholesome and delicious. I would like to see every work-house in England have its half acre of of Cranberries, whose proper cultivation is not only very simple, but appropriate to the employment of aged people, and might be, made not only a source of use, but of profit, and there are few parishes in England that have not too much waste ground, on which Cranberries could be made to grow well."

Mr. Halsey says: "No plant of its size can surpass the Cranberry in beauty. Its leaves of rich dark green in summer, changed to a reddish brown in winter, remain on the plants through the year. The thread-like stalks stand erect and mat close like moss. From the last of June to the 10th of July, they are in blossom, being thickly interspersed with the most beautiful transparent pale pink flowers. The flowers are succeeded, as if by magic, with the berries, at first green, but soon changing to a bright crimson, covering the plants with a profusion unequalled by any other fruit, having produced three bushels of berries to the square rod.

When in blossom, the bell-shaped flowers suspended by a hair-like stem, almost seem the work of some fairy; and then the berries, two, three, and on some varieties, five attached by the same hair-like stalk to the parent stem, itself only the fifth part of the size of a straw, excites one's sympathy lest the tender support should break with its lovely burden; and we at once see the wisdow of their growing so close together and thereby being enabled to bear the crimson load of berries."

"Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly:
Labor—all labor is noble and holy."

THE HAVERSACK.

THE battle of —— was stubbornly contested, but by hotly pressing on, the rebs succeeded in persuading their "Northern brethren" that it would be prudent to leave the piece of woods in dispute, and let the said rebs march through it unmolested. The rebs, however, kept shooting before them as they advanced, and it became as pretty a drive as one would desire to see. "A man and brother" happened to be in the woods, and thinking the upper air decidedly unwholesome, he determined to change his base and try a more salubrious clime behind a log. The horse of a General Officer, in the rebel ranks, stepped over the log and scared *up* the "man and brother," just a few minutes after he had been scared *down*. The conversation which ensued is very instructive, if not very amusing.

Officer. "Halloo! What are you doing here? Are you a Yankee negro or a Secesh negro?"

Man and Brother. "Which whip, de Yankee or de white folks?"

Officer. "Oh, we are drubbing them finely."

Man and Brother. "Masser, is you Secesh?"

Officer. "To be sure I am."

Man and Brother. "Well den, Masser, I is Secesh too. Bless de Lord, I always is on de side dat whips!"

We have been told, and we partly believe it, that there are men, so-called, in the late Confederate States of America, so-called, who have thrown a somersault and turned their backs upon all their old friends. Rumor says, too, that they had just touched the ground with their feet when the news from the great States of Pennsylvania and Ohio caused them to stare around, wondering which is "de side dat whips."

A. R. B. writes from Kimball, Bosque county, Texas:

I send some crumbs for the Haversack. My only reason, for supposing that they will get in, is that yours is a *real* Confederate "war bag," (as the Georgia woman called it) and therefore likely to welcome anything that looks digestible.

At the first battle of Fredericksburg, a group of officers stood listening to a heavy fire of musketry just in their front. The firing ceased and they supposed that our men had been driven back. Just then, an old reb ran out of the woods covered with dust and blackened with smoke. "Well, old Tar-heel," said they to him, "you have been driven back, have you?" The old man drew himself up proudly and said, "No, sirree, *we hilt our dirt* and I'm jist gwine back to git some more men to help us hold it tighter."

So it proved to be. 'Twas Hoke's recovery of the ground lost by A. P. Hill, when General Maxcy Gregg was killed.

Our men, sometimes, got off a pun, which if not strictly accord-

ing to the books served to amuse them for the time. A Chaplain had just been appointed for the —— Infantry. He was, doubtless, an excellent man. But he was too nice and tidy, too much on the *band-box* style, to be popular with the ragged roughs of his regiment. One day he came along with a bundle of tracts, which he wished to distribute. He approached a group deeply absorbed in that popular game known, among the classic students of Hoyle, as "seven-up." In his blandest tones, he said, "Gentlemen, may I leave a few tracts with you?" "Yes," politely replied one of the aforesaid classic students, "You may leave us a pair of tracts (tracks) if you make the toes point the other way." The ground was duly impressed with the tracts, (tracks) according to direction, if the men were not.

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After the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, many of the old Louisianians took water transportation home. Arriving at the wharf at New Orleans on board a U. S. steamer, we were not permitted to go immediately ashore. A crowd, however, soon collected around the wharf, and we inquired anxiously who was in command. A dozen voices answered "Gen. Banks." A delighted old reb cried out, "Bully for us, boys, no more starvation times, our good old Commissary is here!"

It is well known that General Banks honorably won the title of "Commissary" by his great liberality to the Stonewall command. But the illustrious soldier from Massachusetts is not disposed to be as liberal to us now when we have become loyal and respectable, as he was in our disreputable days of rebellion!

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Col. M.'s regiment of "crittur soldiers" was rather famous for playing Quartermaster and Commissary on their own hook. This they had done so effectually in a certain neighborhood in Georgia that they had exhausted every thing save a fodderstack, which belonged to a generous old woman, who had given freely as long as her scanty supplies lasted.—But as this fodder was her only dependence for her solitary cow during the winter months, she vehemently protested against the "crittur companies" taking it.—They determined, however, to have it, she protesting that "something dreadful would overtake them for such wickedness." The reckless boys nothing daunted proceeded to load their own backs with the fodder, anticipating one good feed for the expectant "critturs." It so happened that there was a long lane through which the troopers had to defile with their new style of knapsacks.—Lightwood knots were not scarce in that country. (Head Quarters in the saddle says that there are fire-brands in the good old State to this hour. See letter touching the Hon. B. H. Hill.) Woman's wit is not often at fault, and a resolute woman is—a resolute woman. The lady from Georgia raised one of the burning brands aforesaid, and reaching the throat of the lane before the head of the column, she applied it to the knap-

sack of the first bold trooper. The blaze communicated to the knapsack of the second gay cavalier and so on through the line. The great Commissary in his 2.40 race from the redoubted Stonewall did not make such excellent time as did the "crittur soldiers" on that memorable night. The lone and unprotected female looked on at the blazing line of light streaking through the darkness, like some fiery comet, and then exclaimed in slightly sarcastic tones, "I told them owdacious, onmannerly fellows that something dreadful would happen to 'em ef they took my old cow's roughness."

Long may the lone and lorn lady live to do battle for the right and the roughness of the old cow, and when she has to watch the flight of another blazing meteor, may she have Burnside's "powerful field glass" to aid her vision!

We heard, in Kentucky, a story upon a celebrated Union man, which will bear repetition. His sympathies were all with the South, but his principles and his supposed interests were with the Union army. Still he could not help being glad of Confederate victories, and while he talked sadly of them, his face *would* smile. One day, he came into a crowd collected at the famous summer resort, Crab Orchard, with a countenance beaming with joy, and announced in melancholy tones, "I have the worst possible news, that rascal Lee has been whipping *our* boys again!" With similar joyous faces and mournful accents, the new converts to Radicalism are talking over the great victories in Ohio and Pennsylvania. "The Democrats are whipping *our* boys again. Oh! Oh! Oh! Ha! Ha! Ha! Hip! Hurrah!"

Colonel E. A. O. gives us an incident of camp-life around Manassas in 1861:

We had an inclosure, or ring, where drunken and insubordinate men were confined. This was commonly called the "Pen," but the jolly sons of the Emerald Isle always called it the "Pin," and as they were more familiar with it than any other class of soldiers, they *ought* to have known the right name of it. One day, the officer on duty heard a most unusual uproar among the prisoners in the "Pin," where two negroes happened to be confined at that time, for an undue attachment to Commissary whiskey. One of these was a bright mulatto, the other was as black almost as Brownlow's character. The officer, Lieutenant S. listened on the outside and heard, above the uproar of Irish voices, the well-known tones of "a man and brother," crying out, "dar, dar, dat 'll do! O Lor. O Lor. it 'll never come out in dis wurl. I'se born'd so. Dar, dar, it won't come off." Stepping to the gate, Lieutenant S. witnessed a scene which baffles all description.—Mike and Pat and two other Irishmen were rubbing the faces of the two negroes together so vigorously as to make the application rather unpleasant. "Stop that," shouted Lieut, S. "what on earth are you doing?" "Is that you, Leftenant?" said Mike

in his richest accents, "beggin' yer honor's pardon, one of the nagers is too black and one of 'em is too white, and we was jist mixin' colors and tryin to aqualize 'em! We're afther no harm at all, at all!"

Oh, that Mike and Pat could visit some of the "Pins," known as Negro Conventions, where whites are mixed up with the blacks. We would wish them all joy in the pleasant little task of "aqualizing colors!"

Our Montgomery (Ala.,) friend furnishes the next two anecdotes:

Dan Whelan was an Irishman, and is yet, unless he has turned Radical, or is dead. At the beginning of the war, he was a member of the "Cadets," 4th Alabama infantry, and was stationed one night between our camp and Harper's Ferry to prevent our boys from going to the latter place, where it was feared they might get unhealthy fluids. Now Dan was as brave a lad as ever flourished a shillalah at Donny Brook Fair, but he was very nearly an "innocent," as the Irish express it with great delicacy.—Dan had been on post but a few minutes, when he heard steps approaching, and a rich manly voice singing,

"Oh, I'm a simple Irish youth."

Dan might have taken this to be rather personal, but on his lonely post, he was too glad to recognize the voice of Jack Davenport an ex-circus clown.

Dan. "I knows ye well enough, Jock, but me orders don't allow me to let ye pass till ye say Jockson."

Jack D. "Is it the countersign you are wanting, Dan?"

Dan. "It's that same, my man, and ye can't go by till ye give it."

Jack D. "Oh, the countersign is Jackson. Why did'nt you tell me at first what you wanted?"

Dan. "The countersign is right. But how the divel did you find it out down at the Ferry?"

Company D. of the 8th Alabama, was known at home as the Independent Blues. On its way to the seat of war, the cars stopped at Wytheville, Virginia, and as usual the ladies were out in full force and full feather with their sweet smiling faces and their flowers, and what we prized still more highly, a good supply of eatables. Private S. was the recipient of a beautiful boquet, and with it a regular set speech, ending with, "I don't know what I shall do when the soldiers go away. I believe that I shall die with the blues."

"Well, Madam," he gallantly replied, "in my opinion, you could not *die in a better company*, but would it not be better to *live* for *one* of them?"

A. F. H., of Tuskegee Ala., gives the next two incidents:

Sam B., of Co. F. was the sutler of our regiment, as good as the average of his "rank," cared more for his position as keeping him out of the way of unhealthy shooting than he did for making and keeping rebel money. Like most men of his "persuasion," he could swear a little, and when he was particularly mad, he could

use as many "cussin' words" as a teamster. On one occasion, when he had been absent for a week, he drove up with his wagon empty instead of having it full of the "goodies," we were anxiously looking for. "Nature abhors a vacuum" and soldiers have nature enough in them to hate an empty sutler's wagon. So they insisted upon Sam's giving an explanation, which he did with evident reluctance and some preliminary "cussin'"

"Well, you see, my team was stalled just in front of Johnson's division and I asked the boys if some of them would help me out of the mud. A whole brigade of them came out. I thought that they were the politest and most accommodating fellows I ever saw. They thought nothing of getting in the mud around my wagon.—They fairly swarmed about it.—They were behind at the wheels, and I was forward at the team a coaxing and persuading them—and "cussin'" suggested a bystander—and cussin' a little, I acknowledge the corn. Presently we started and the wagon seemed fairly to skip over the ground. I thought it was too *light*, and I stopped to reconnoitre, (ain't that the right word? I never fought *much*, you know. "None whatever," suggested a listener.) Well, I got in the wagon to look, and there warn't a darn'd thing in it but two empty barrels! I hollered at the rascals but I got no answer but pop, pop, pop—they were cracking *my* goobers at me! I stormed and raved, but finding that was no use, I begged any honest man among them, if there was one in the division, to bring me a light and let me see what was left. Would you believe it, one of these scamps went to his tent and lighted one of my own stolen candles and brought it to me!"

"Did you cuss any, Sam?" asked an interested by-stander.

"No, I didn't," said poor Sam, "I could find no cussin' words big enough to express my feelings."

O, ye people of the land we love, when dear, sweet old Thad talks about the "penitentiary of hell" may you be equally prudent as Sam B., and for a better reason.

It is said that Gen. Lee had no great love for these sutlers, and the following anecdote, which I cannot vouch for of my own personal knowledge, looks that way. A number of these fellows had established themselves around Orange C. H., and their charges were so exorbitant that the boys Shermanized the whole of their establishment. The sufferers came in a body to Gen. Lee, seeking "security for the future," as it was useless to talk of "indemnity for the past." Their tale of barter and *loss* was listened to patiently,and ended in an instructive and edifying discourse.

Gen. Lee. "You think that the boys treated you badly?"

Sutlers. "Outrageously, General, outrageously."

Gen. Lee. "Had you not then better set up shop somewhere else?"

An ex-cavalry officer now in Independence, Mo., tells us of

A CUTE WAY TO SAVE OLD

BACON.—In the summer of 1864, McCausland, while gallantly disputing the advance of Hunter up the valley of Virginia, passed by the house of an old lady who had for that time an almost fabulous wealth of bacon. She was told that Hunter's men had as good noses as Butler himself, and that she had better hide her bacon.—She proved to be an "older soldier," however, than her advisers for she piled her bacon in the yard, dusting each piece carefully with a little flour. McCausland had hardly disappeared, when "the boys in blue" swarmed over the yard, and with yells of delight, seized upon the meat. But seeing the suspicious color (for they had an intuitive aversion to anything *white*) they asked her what was the matter with the meat. "I can't tell yer. McCausland's men piled it out there, and they was a doin' somethin' to it, and they said old Hunter would have a nice fry, and they kinder laughed like." Every piece of meat was dropped instanter, and they all called for water to wash their hands of that job.

Did these good and loyal men suspect that the wicked rebels had poisoned that bacon? We can't tell, but the old lady saved her bacon. M. W.

In General Hampton's admirable sketch of Cavalry Scouts in our August No. the name of James M. Sloan was changed into *Swan*. As Mr. Sloan has not yet sung his dying song as a bachelor, we wish him to wear his own name till he changes hers. The error was not General Hampton's, but in our own office. The Italian proverb has it that there is a "death's head in every closet," and we have sadly discovered that there is a *devil* in every printing office!

Tuscaloosa, Alabama, gives the next anecdote:

In the summer of 1861, Rodes' brigade (then under Ewell) was on the march from Fairfax Station to Springfield. A halt was called for some purpose, and as the 6th Alabama was resting by the roadside, a young Virginian rode up, in citizen's clothes, and therefore was a fair mark for the sarcastic shots of the rebel sharpshooters. He wore a "stove pipe" hat over his store-clothes, and his fine manly appearance was a reproach to his life out of the army. His splendid horse, too, looked too much like a war charger to be the drudge of a "meelish." He had the longest hair I ever saw on any one in breeches, and it was very *suggestive*, for even at that early period of the war, an insect had made its appearance, which was familiarly known as "grey-back."—Altogether, a better subject for a tired soldier's raillery could not present itself. Every eye brightened, and every mouth watered in anticipation of the treat.

"Halloo, Mister, is you gwine to jine the cavalry?" "I say, big boy, is you weaned yet?" "Does your mammy know you 'r out?" "Let him alone, that's pap's baby!" "His Mudder's pride, his Fader's joy!" "The darlin' little, blue-eyed boy."

Amid a storm of such missiles,

the poor fellow spurred on with a face as red as a beet root. But, just as he got to the centre of the regiment, Sergeant E. cried out, "I say, boys, if I was a grey-back, I would swim the Potomac to get taking up winter-quarters in that har (hair) of his'n."—"Pap's baby" could not stand this shot, he turned off at right-angles and dashed into the woods.

A little bird from Virginia has told us that our young friend *survived* the war, and now in mature manhood, is a highly influential member of Lodge No. — of Loyal Leaguers.

A dignified clergyman, a Doctor of Divinity, tells us of his experience in camp with a bell-crowned hat. He was stopped and accosted by a reb with, "Mister, is yer cows gone dry?" He answered, "no, why do you ask?" "Cause, I seed you was toting the churn home on yer head!"

"AUNT ABBY" AGAIN.—When President Johnson was on his way to Raleigh last June, Aunt Abby got into the cars in which he and his suite were,and was pointed out to him as "the Irrepressible."—Having read the sketches of her in "The Land We Love," he requested that she might be presented to him. Looking at him from head to foot she said:

"So you's the Pres*i*dent of the United States?"

He bowed and replied he believed so.

"But you ain't Pres*i*dent Davis, nor nothing like him, ef you was, you'd shet up these here Sickles and Scythes that's a talking about cutting of you down mighty quick. Lord bless your soul, Mr. Johnson, ef you *is* Pres*i*dent why don't you *be* Pres*i*dent? When you was a tailoring of it you never turned off a half a par of britches to no man, and that's jest what you's a ginning of us; instead of having a whole suit of clothes with a man inside of 'em for a Pres*i*dent like we used to have, you's a putting of us off with a half a par of britches and expecting us to be satisfied."

By this time, the smiles grew audible, and the President having had enough of Aunt Abby, said confidentially, "I am doing the best I can, I assure you, madam."

"Well, mabe you is, mabe it ain't in you to do no better, then you is a doing. We haint no right to expect to get a Pres*i*dent Davis nor his like out'en a tailor's shop. But for the Lords' sake ef you can't give us a man, give us a whole par of britches, any how."

"She is truly called, The Irrepressible" said Mr. Johnson, with a shrug of his shoulders, as he found it convenient to change his seat.

Some one, thinking it would please her, read her the sketch in THE LAND WE LOVE, and the true meaning, or something approaching it, of Gov. Vance's letter to General Lee, dawned on her mind. With a sparkle in her black eyes that showed she was still "true grit," she started up and said, "ef ever I set eyes on Zeb Vance agin, I reckon I'll gin him a piece of my mind for his impi*dence* in perfumifying words

so as to sound one way and mean another. He's a smart man, the Lord knows, but I'll let him know he'd better not try to play none'er his tricks on me agin."

From the late Chief of Artillery of Longstreet's corps, we get the annexed incident:

On one of Mahone's expeditions down the Weldon railroad in 1864 to draw his "rations" of prisoners and guns, which Grant issued with such commendable regularity, there fell into the hands of the charging rebels a genuine artillerist; a gunner, who, loving his gun as only an old gunner can understand, had remained by it after his comrades had sought salubrity in a change of location and vigorous pedestrianism. The leading "grey-backs," delighted with their capture, at once wheeled the gun about to fire upon the retreating foe. Cramming a shell down its throat, they pulled lanyard and sent it howling through the air full fifty yards above the crowd for whom it was kindly intended, and who were rallying and re-opening fire from no great distance. A second shell, and a third took equally harmless directions, to the evident disgust of the captured gunner, who remained looking on; but when the lanyard was stretched for a fourth shot from the uplifted muzzle, his indignation could not be restrained, and jumping to the trail, with an oath he exclaimed, "My God, men! don't you know any more about a gun than that?"—Then, stooping for a moment, he glanced along the piece, while his hands worked rapidly at the elevating screw for a few seconds, when he straightened up with a look of pride saying, "Now, if you will shoot, try that." They tried it, and that time sent the shell smashing into as pretty a crowd of "blue birds" as ever composed a target.

This incident is well authenticated, and abundant motives for the deed have been assigned, such as indignation at being deserted by his comrades and supports, (who had made but a poor fight,) pride in his own skill and in his gun, and a desire to silence a fire which, though coming from his friends, endangered him as much as any one else. The most natural and amply sufficient motives, however, seem to be found in the following considerations: First, it was "a pot shot," second, he wanted to see a race, and third, blue is such a beautiful color to shoot at.

EDITORIAL.

It is a little singular that while the loyal North has most decidedly snubbed the "beloved wife" of "the late lamented" in her energetic effort to peddle off old clothes and second hand jewelry, the loyal men of the late rebellious South have never before shown so great a desire to get mementoes of "the martyr of liberty," and especially his precious likenesses, pictured on a green-back ground. These are eagerly sought for on the high-ways and by-ways, in lanes and hedges and in —— other people's letters. A day seldom passes without our hearing of the loss of some letter containing these inestimable pictures, which were intended for our office, and to increase our growing loyalty. Some days, we hear of four or five missing letters with their loyal cargoes. All of which is much to the detriment of the full development of our "latent unionism." Now if it be lawful for ex-rebels to ask a favor of men who have always been loyal—since the battle of Gettysburg—we would respectfully and earnestly beg them to forward the letters after they have abstracted the portraits of the nation's idol. We dislike to disappoint our subscribers, and would like to get their names. We take it for granted that the loyal officials only value the letters for the sake of the portraits aforesaid, and that they can have no reasonable objection to forwarding the letter paper. To our friends, we would say that it is only vexatious folly to attempt to send green-backs through the mail.

Locke, in his Essays, contends that every man is insane upon some subject, and that all men have noticed oddities, peculiarities, and strangenesses in their neighbors and acquaintances. He attributes this universal madness to a "wrong connexion of ideas," by which a fantasy is associated with a real fact, in such a way, that the man cannot separate the ideal from the true. Or as he expresses the thought: "besides this, there is another connexion of ideas wholly owing to chance or custom: ideas, that in themselves are not at all of kin, come to be so united in some men's minds that it is very hard to separate them: they always keep in company and the one no sooner at any one time comes into the understanding, but its associate appears with it."

It is probably owing to this species of madness, resulting from a wrong connexion of ideas that the words "truly loyal" and the Eighth Commandment are indissolubly connected in the Southern mind, so that "they always keep in company, and the one no sooner at any time, comes into the understanding, but its associate appears with it!" We sincerely deplore this unhappy association, and wish that it could be otherwise. But as there is now no North, no South, no East and no West—only one grand, free,

united and happy country—we in good old North Carolina have a right to imitate the sentimentality of New England and mourn over the errors, the frailties and the stealings of the loyal men, who ought to set holy examples to their rebellious and sinful neighbors.

Time was when money could go safely from any part of the United States, in any direction, to the most remote point. Mail robberies were so rare that a single theft would be commented upon from one end of the Union to the other. Now the thing is so common that it is not noticed at all, and if the newspapers should attempt a record, they would be so filled up as to contain nothing else. Express companies, money orders, checks and registrations—all were then unknown. All these devices have now to be employed to prevent stealing. Why is this? Why have we come to this low state, spite of the teachings and the triumphs of the party of great moral ideas? Is it not because the pulpit and the press have proclaimed that there is but one sin—rebellion,—and but one virtue—loyalty? History has repeated itself. We have drifted back to the teaching of the reign of Charles II. of England. Then the only sinner was the rebel, and the only holy man was the loyalist. The stealing, the licentiousness, the awful depravity of that reign constitute still the darkest blot on the page of English history.

To escape a similar stigma upon our own national life, the press a nd the pulpit must go back to the good old ideas and teach that honesty, integrity and faithfulness to obligations *are* virtues, while stealing, corruption and trickery *are* vices even in a "truly loyal" man.

The errors in regard to Confederate forces are so gross that we fear they can never be corrected. We have recently examined a history published in Baltimore, and which aims to be just to the South and yet it estimates the Southern force at Sharpsburg at 100,000 men!—a higher estimate by 3,000 than Gen. McClellan puts it.—We have seen it stated that Gen. Lee's estimate is 33,000 and it is thus given by Dabney. Now we think that we calculated Lee's force at the time from data, which could not be erroneous, and it amounted to just 27,000. If there is any mistake in it, the error is on the side of excess. We feel sure that the Southern force was under rather than over this number. Our line was so thin that when broken, the enemy thought that the skirmish line and not the line of battle was broken.

So the Confederate strength at South Mountain has, we believe, never been set down by our late enemies at less than 40,000. It was, in fact, about 5,000 until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when Longstreet came up.

Gen. Casey claims in his official report that his works at Seven Pines were assaulted by 30,000 men. They were *carried* by 9,000.

It was a grim joke of Mr. Lincoln that he had discovered that the Confederates had 3,000,000 of men in the field, because he had

1,000,000, and his men were always getting overpowered by having an odds of three to one against them!

Napoleon, on his retreat from Moscow, had a very remarkable conversation at Wilna, Poland, with the Abbé de Pradt, in which he again and again repeated, "there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous." Most men have experienced the fact that under the most solemn circumstances, their attention has been called to something grotesque and unseemly. A titter in Church, at some ridiculous sight, does not necessarily prove levity of mind—often just the reverse. The powerful orator can the more easily bring back an audience to laughter, which he has just drowned in tears. Criminals, who have been respited under the gallows, state that their minds were occupied about the most insignificant trivialties,—the dress and appearance of the crowd, the color and size of the horses conveying them to the place of execution, and even the spokes of the wheels in the prison cart. Even amidst the carnage and horrors of the battle-field, a ludicrous incident would be sure to call out roars of laughter. We have known a frightened rabbit to be cheered most vociferously, and no heartier shout ever went up than that which attended the soldier's address to the running rabbit, "go it, cotton-tail, if I had not a reputation at stake, I'd follow your example!"

It is probably owing to this mysterious connection, (which no mental philosopher can explain) between the sublime and ridiculous, between smiles and tears, between the solemn and the fantastic, that we can relish a rich joke even in our abject and pitiable condition.

We are not sure that the Address of the Union Republican party of North Carolina would not have amused us under any circumstances, but we think it highly probable that our humiliating surroundings have given a peculiar relish for this "feast of fat things."

It seems that some loyal North Carolinians attended the negro Convention, at Raleigh, expecting, good simple souls! that their colored friends would be highly honored thereby, and would give them the upper seats, in the synagogue. The Address complains touchingly, that the honors were not conferred upon these loyal sons of the old North State, but upon persons who were not natives of the State—euphony for Radical emissaries. To our mind there is something inexpressibly comic in this picture, of the loyal whites standing with smiling faces listening to hear some sable Chesterfield courteously saying, "dear brothers, come up higher," instead of which Sambo, in his coarsest corn-field dialect blurts out, "the white trash from Norf Calliner will take de back seats and dem wot fout to set us free will set on de platfom!" Isn't it rich? It beats Longstreet's pun about the *wave*-offering. It is almost equal to the Congressional joke about the insecurity of life and property at the South, and

the necessity of placing these little matters in the hands of the negroes to make them safe!

Oh! that some Hogarth or Cruikshanks might do justice to the scene! oh! that some skillful *cuisinier* might serve up from it a savory mess for the Haversack!

Loyal brothers of North Carolina! let a loyal editor give you a piece of advice.

When *genilemen* go to another man's table, they are expected to eat what is set before them without grumbling. Good taste and good manners alike demand this. When you became the guests of the negro, you had no right to expect anything but negro fare. Don't whine about the coarse food they set before you. People will only laugh at you, and Sambo may prove a very Cuffy to you.—The emmissaries of hate and ruin have succeeded in making broad and high "the middle wall of partition" between the races. You can't break it down, and your puny efforts will only subject you to ridicule. Fortunately, or unfortunately, you were born white and you will be more respected, (excuse the pun,) if you do not desert your *color*.

No truth is more firmly impressed upon our mind than this: "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for instruction in righteousness." Even its history is profitable, not merely as a record of the most important events in the life of the world, but as a guide for all coming time. One of the facts recorded by the inspired historian is with reference to a great experiment in sudden emancipation upon a large scale. And the account of it has doubtless been transmitted down to us that it might be "profitable for doctrine and for *reproof*." No emancipation was ever made, or can ever be made, under such favorable circumstances as was that of the Hebrew race. Supposing that the influence and memory of Joseph protected them from bondage for fifty years, they were in subjection for only 350 years. In that short period, they could not have lost altogether their religion, their literature and their glorious traditions, as the chosen people of God. Miracles of the most astounding character were wrought for their deliverance, attesting the favor of Heaven and its guardian care over them. Their march began with the Angel of the Covenant as their guide, Moses as their leader, Aaron as their high-priest, and the pillar of cloud over them by day and the pillar of fire by night, as a terror to their enemies and a protection to themselves.—The rocks of the desert melted into gushing streams to slake their thirst, meat was borne to them on the wings of the wind, and bread was showered down upon them from a cloudless sky.

Surely, if ever slaves could be made worthy of freedom in a few days, this stupendous preparation would have qualified the Hebrews for its blessings. *But they were found utterly unworthy*, and were marched and counter-marched in the wilderness till all the slavish race, but two, had perished!—Slavery had made a proud and spirited people mean and coward-

ly, and had degraded their natures into such a sensualism that they preferred the leeks and onions of bondage to the manna of liberty.

In the face of the warning by the failure of this grand experiment at sudden emancipation, we have repeated the experiment with a race without a history, without traditions, except of barbarism, without miracles of deliverance, and without Heaven-appointed leaders.—If the first attempt failed under such blessed auspices, what can be expected of the movement inaugurated by the old horse-thief and murderer, John Brown? Let the answer come from General Howard in his statement, that near a million and a half of freedmen have perished in thirty months. Let it come from the jails teeming with criminals, and the country swarming with paupers. Let it come in the report, from almost every county in every State, of the "five military districts," of outrage to white females—a crime scarcely heard of in any part of the South, during the two hundred years of slavery. Let it come from Hayti with the relapse of her population into barbarism, fetichism and cannibalism. Let Jamaica take up the tale and tell how her fertile fields have become a wilderness and a desolation, and how her freedmen have become as brutish and degraded as their kindred in Africa. Let Mexico, Central America, and all of South America, except where slavery exists, continue the reply in the accounts of their countless revolutions, their endless confusion, anarchy and bloodshed. Let the final answer come from our own Bureau of Statistics that the great staples of the South, upon which depended the wealth and prosperity of the whole Union, as well as its foreign credit, have fallen off, one by two-thirds; one by a half; one by seven-eighths; and one has ceased to exist. This is the result of the disregard shown to the plain teaching of history from the hands of the inspired writers.

It is remarkable that the liberation of the Hebrews is the only instance in the Bible of *suddeness* in God's dealings with men. And even this cannot fairly be called sudden, for though the event was so, the preparation for it was not. Moses was eighty years in process of training to fit him to be the deliverer of his people. To this we will allude again, remarking now that every where else in the Bible, God's dispensations, both of wrath and mercy, are represented to be gradual; just as we see his operations in nature to be slow and progressive.

The flood did not come instantly upon the earth. Noah was a hundred years in building the ark, and during all that long period, was a "preacher of righteousness," warning, exhorting, threatening. The fountains of the great deep were not instantly broken up; for forty days the waters were spreading over the earth, though God could have accomplished the same thing in the twinkling of an eye. The deluge could have accomplished its work in a few minutes after the earth was submerged, but the ark rode over the wild waste of waters for a whole year.

The curse did not come upon the descendants of Ham for many generations. Even the guilty cities of the plain were not destroyed instantly. Lot was there to lift up his voice against their abominations, and his righteous soul was vexed for weary months and years with "the filthy conversation of the wicked." The wise Solomon acted foolishly, but the punishment for his folly and that of his people did not come in his own reign, but in that of his son. And so we might multiply examples indefinitely, from the Bible, to show that God is long suffering, slow to wrath and never precipitate in punishment. But Scripture examples are needless. We see every day desperately wicked men living, prospering and flourishing like the green bay tree.

If we turn next to God's dispensations of mercy, we will notice the same characteristic *slowness*. Abraham had the land of Canaan given to him, and confirmed by the solemn oath of the Most High, but his descendants did not take possession of it for full four hundred years. The world had been running a career of crime for four thousand years, when "God was made manifest in the flesh" to turn men from the error of their ways. With our poor, fallible mode of thinking, we would expect the mission of Jesus Christ to begin immediately. But God's ways are not as our ways, the Saviour came not as a full grown man clothed with power and authority, but as a babe born in a manger, the child of poverty and persecution. Nor did he begin his work on his arrival at manhood, but labored in an obscure village at an humble trade till he was thirty years of age. Does he then convert the world by a single stupendous miracle? Not at all! He trudges along on foot for three long years, weary, hungry, thirsty, with no place to lay his head, scoffed and reviled by his enemies, forsaken and denied by his few followers, and at last slain in an ignominious manner,—some five hundred timid, doubting, half-believing disciples the sole fruits of his preaching and his miracles!—Nearly nineteen hundred years have flown by since that last, bitter cry of agony on the cross, and how little seems to have been effected by those sent forth endowed with the gift of tongues and the power of working miracles!—We need go no farther to show that there is nothing hurried, rash and headlong in God's works of providence, whether of wrath or of mercy.

If we turn to his works in nature, we see the same marks of gradual development, of careful, deliberate, cautious progress. The seasons glide into one another so gradually, that no man can say when one begins and the other ends. The sun does not burst upon us at once with full meridian splendor. He sends his messengers of light ahead of him, and prepares the eye by degrees to endure the dazzling of his noon-tide glory. Nor does he at once leave the world in darkness, but sends back his rays to prepare us gradually for the approaching gloom. The rill does not swell at once into the mighty river, upon whose bosom navies may ride. It winds

along its appointed path almost imperceptible, at first, to the careless eye, but gathering its kindred rills to increase its slender thread until it becomes a brook: the brook takes in its tributaries until it becomes a rivulet: the rivulet moves on with a more majestic volume receiving constant accessions, until it ends in the great river. It is observable, too, that the slowness of production is always proportional to the excellence of the product. Thus the worthless weed springs up in a few days. The kingly oak is a century in reaching its grand proportions. The wild ass of the desert gambols around its dam on the day of its birth. The child, with immortal mind, and powers capable of expansion throughout eternity, lies a puling infant for months in the arms of his mother, and is regarded by the whole civilized world, as an irresponsible agent, till he reaches his 21st birthday. Yea, the great globe itself, upon which we stand, is an example of gradual evolution to attain perfection. The six days of creation may cover an indefinite period of time, and countless ages of preparation may have rolled by, before the Allwise Architect pronounced the work to be "very good."

We have thus briefly shown by a few illustrations, which could be readily enlarged to a volume, that the violent liberation of the Southern slaves is contrary to all the dispensations of God's providence, as displayed in the Scriptures, (with the one exception above given) and to all his operations in nature. If 'twas done to punish the wicked South, 'tis not thus God punishes, abruptly and without warning. Was it done to bless the negro race? It is not thus that He bestows his blessings, without a moment's preparation. The rain which comes with the tornado is a messenger of wrath. 'Tis the gentle, genial shower that gladdens the parched up field.

We have said that it is hardly proper to speak of the emancipation of the Hebrew slaves as an exceptional case, in the slowness of God's dealing with men. Moses was for eighty years undergoing his training for his great work. He was reared at Pharaoh's Court and he was taught, during forty years, all the learning of Egypt, then the most advanced country of the world in literature and science. He was for forty years kept a probationer in the land of Midian. So that eighty years were spent in preparing the deliverer for the performance of the duty, for which he had been set apart before he was born. Who among our blacks has had such a Heaven-appointed mission, and such a training as will fit him to be the leader of his race? Who is qualified to be their guide and counselor? There is not one, no not one; and they are looking for guidance and direction to the most corrupt and selfish of mankind, who are making them dupes and tools for their own base purposes. All the slave-born Hebrews perished, except two, even with Moses as their leader. What is to become of the Southern negroes under the leadership of incarnate fiends? Should not the professed believers in the Bible

have been warned by the awful fate of the Hebrews, and not have repeated a similar experiment? Unwarned, reckless of consequences, they are making an experiment of their own. The Hebrews left the country of their bondage hastily, on the very night on which they were freed. It was not attempted to lift them up to social and political equality with their late masters, on the very soil where they had been slaves. That beautiful experiment has been reserved for the 19th century. We are a progressive people! But we are progressing in a way that the word of God, the history of the past, and the order of nature, alike condemn. Crippled commerce, paralyzed industry, neglected fields, increased crime, universal pauperism, hatred, wrath, strife, riot and bloodshed are the natural and legitimate results. Who has a right to expect any thing else from a system, in direct opposition to all that is known of God's management of the moral and material universe?

The modern reformer, the malignant humanitarian, always attempts to carry his mad schemes through at once, violently and abruptly. The plans of the All-wise Being are evolved by degrees, gently and gradually. Misery and ruin follow the efforts of the former. Happiness and blessings accompany the latter. Among the dark annals of crime, the blackest and foulest have been committed by professed philanthropists, and in the name of God and humanity.

The veriest tyro in history knows this to be true, but the philosophy of it seems to be little understood. It is not because *all* humanitarians are hypocrites.—We believe in the honesty and sincerity of such men as Gerrit Smith. But it is because of their *impatience* to have their plans of so-called reform executed *speedily*, even though this involves *force* and *violence*. It is because of their ignorance or disregard of the fact that God's works of creation and providence are always slow: that all the processes of nature are gradual, when superior excellence is to be obtained. It is hardly a digression to say, that this slowness in the handiwork of the Deity does not recommend indolence to his creatures. Just the reverse ought to be the case. His developments are slow, but the labor is active and unceasing that the product may be perfect when completed. The processes of growth are just as vigorous in the majestic oak, as in the filthy weed. But how infinitely different are the finished results! The restless, impatient, meddlesome reformer works after the manner of the noxious plant and produces nothbut noisomeness and a pest!

Let all good men at the South, who have a reverence for God's teaching in His word, and in nature, make an honest effort to defeat the Congressional Bill, which, because it is in opposition to nature and providence, is fraught with misery to the white race and with unutterable ruin to the unfortunate victims of petulant philanthropy.

One Mr. Bingham, who had a prominent part in "the taking off"

of Mrs. Surratt, says that the negroes are as well qualified to vote as those who have been brought up at the tail of the wheel-barrow. Thus graciously and gratefully does this Honorable gentleman allude to Ireland—the country which gave to the Union cause the best fighters in its army—the birth-place of Sheridan, the most successful corps commander in that army, and also of Meagher, who so often led the attack and covered the retreat.

It is, probably, a hopeless task to try to enlighten radical ignorance, but we will submit a few facts to this modern Beotian.—Does he know that Wellington, the greatest soldier of Great Britain, was an Irishman? That the sweetest poet of the English language was Moore, an Irishman? That according to Walter Scott, the most vigorous writer of pure, idiomatic English was Swift, an Irishman? That the greatest British statesman was Burke, an Irishman? Does he know that Byron said of Sheridan, the Irishman, "He has written the best comedy, the best farce, the best address in the English tongue, and to crown all, he has delivered the very best oration ever conceived or heard of in any country?" It may be some rebuke to Mr. B's. radical impudence to tell him that the profoundest sensation ever made in the British Parliament was caused by the speeches of those two Irishmen, Burke and Sheridan, during the trial of Warren Hastings. The great Bummer Hastings had just brought to a successful conclusion the conquest of India. He had swept over that unhappy region in the style most popular even in the 19th century, stealing, plundering, burning and murdering. Like a modern hero, he endeared war to the heart of the conquering nation by making war support itself, and by furnishing dainty materials for illustrated pictorials of the suffering and humiliation of the conquered people. He was, therefore, feasted and honored, and was the Magnus Apollo, the adored idol of the British populace. But in this very hour of his triumph and his popularity, these two generous Irishmen had the heart to sympathize with the wronged and oppressed: still better, they had the courage to denounce the demi-god and bring him to trial. It was the Begum speech of Sheridan delivered on the occasion of this impeachment, which Byron pronounced to be the master effort of British oratory.

Will it be worth while to tell radical stupidity of those world-renowned Irish writers, Sterne, Steele and Goldsmith? Of Shee, the Irish poet and painter, President of the Royal Academy? Of the great oriental scholar, Shea, the Irishman? Of a long line of eminent orators, barristers, statesmen and jurists, Curran, Grattan, Lord Plunket, Saurin, O'Connell, Shiel, Mitchel, &c., &c.? Has this radical ignoramus ever heard of poor Emmett? If not, we refer him to the school-books.—Has he ever heard of Bishop Berkely, Bishop Shirley, Archbishop Usher—all Irishmen, and the last the author of a chronolo-

gy of the Bible? Does he know that the great French philosopher said of Robert Boyle, the Irishman, "without Robert Boyle, we would know nothing?" Does he know that one of the most eminent of British surgeons was Abernethy, the Irishman? Does he know that the first Commodore in the American Navy was John Barry, the Irishman, whom the English tried to bribe with $60,000 in money, and the captaincy of an English frigate?

In our section, we will not be so ungrateful as the honorable gentleman, and will ever honor young Mitchel—noble son of a noble sire!—who gave his life for the defence of Fort Sumter: and fresh will we ever keep the memory of that peerless soldier and noble Irish gentleman, Patrick R. Cleburne.

If the honorable gentleman can mention a single name among the descendants from Guinea, Congo, and Ashantee, which will bear comparison with any one of those given above, then we will believe that radical ignorance is not so great as **R**adical* wickedness.

—

* Printer will put a big R here.

BOOK NOTICES.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HENRY WATKINS ALLEN, By SARAH A. DORSEY. New York. M. DOOLADY, 448, Broome Street:

This is a very valuable book, full of important facts in the history of the civil war, as well as of thrilling incidents in the life of the *pure* and *unselfish*, if not the *great*, man of the revolution. We confess to an unusual interest in every thing connected with the social characteristics, as well as the public career of Henry W. Allen. His biographer has met our wishes in publishing many of his letters, which give a picture of his inner-life and lay bare to us, as it were, his very heart. These show how delicate were his tastes, how sensitive and refined were his feelings, and how exalted was his patriotism. He was the very soul of chivalry and honor and the least appearance of tergiversation was revolting to his soul. Thus he writes from Mexico:

"In relation to my returning, it is useless for you, my dear friend, or any one else, to press this matter on Mr. Johnson. A parole I will gladly accept, but I would not beg for pardon at the hands of any mortal power. I bend the knee only to God. I don't think I have done wrong. I would like to return home, and would be a law-abiding citizen, if I could; but I hear the matter has been decided against me."

The whole book reads more like an exciting romance than the story of a real life, which it unquestionably is. We have seldom examined a book so full of sustained interest, and which is more worthy of a place in a well-regulated library.

New Foundry and Machine Shop

AT CHARLOTTE, N. C.

M. MARTIN & CO.,

HAVING removed their WORKS from Stowesville, Gaston county, to Charlotte, respectfully inform their old patrons, and the public generally, that they have opened a FOUNDRY and MACHINE SHOP at the OLD NAVY YARD LOT, in Charlotte, where they are prepared to make all sorts of CASTINGS for Steam Engines, Mills, Factories, Water Wheels, Cane Mills, Farming Implements, &c.

REPAIRING.—Particular attention will be paid to repairing of all kinds. All work shall be done in the very nicest style, and the best material used.

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JOHN WILKES,
Charlotte, N. C.

Dec 1867—3m

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Dec.—4t.

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FROM THE SCUPPERNONG GRAPE.

THE Subscribers are now offering for sale, WINE made from the above-named GRAPE. To those unacquainted with it, we would simply say that it is pure and unadulterated—suited to the sick room, and indeed to any purpose where a pure and reliable stimulant is required. Price, $4 per gallon, or $12 per dozen bottles.

BURBANK & GALLAGHER,

Dec 1867—2m* Washington, North Carolina.

THE BINGHAM SCHOOL

Is pleasantly located near Mebaneville Depot on the North Carolina Railroad, in a remarkably healthful region.

The Course of Instruction is

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Including the branches of study essential to a thorough preparation, either for a University course, or for business.

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AT OXFORD, NORTH CAROLINA.

THE Fall Session begins the 3d MONDAY in JULY, and the Spring Session the 1st MONDAY in JANUARY of each year.

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Oct. 1867—3m

Select Boarding and Day School,

FOR YOUNG LADIES,

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ROCK ISLAND

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Orders for Goods from Southern Merchants solicited, and promptly filled.

Dec 1867—

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(*Twenty miles from Charlotte, N. C.,*)

UNDER THE CONTROL OF THE PRESBYTERIES OF

BETHEL, CONCORD, AND FAYETTEVILLE.

The 60th SESSION of this College opened September 28, 1866. This Institution is probably the best endowed of all our Southern Colleges, and contains the largest building for the accommodation of Students. The locality is remarkably healthy. Founded in the prayers of the Presbyterian Church, the College has been blessed in sending forth many pious young men and in furnishing our Theological Seminaries with many Students.

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J. R. BLAKE, M. A.,
Professor of Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, and Geology.

A. McIVER, M. A.,
Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy.

Rev. J. M. ANDERSON, M. A.,
Professor of Mental Philosophy and Belles-Lettres.

W. G. RICHARDSON, M. A.,
Professor of Greek and Modern Languages.

Tuition, $15 for each term of three months. Room-rent, servants' hire, &c., $10, for the same period.—Board at the Steward's Hall $14. The above charges are in currency. The use of the Scholarship is so far restored as to be available for the immediate family of the owner.

November, 1866. 1 y

VIRGINIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.

SUMMER SCHEDULE.

ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, JUNE 16, THE MAIL TRAIN WILL BE RUN BETWEEN Richmond and the western terminus of the road (which in a few weeks will be at Covington) daily, except on Sunday, and on Sunday between Richmond and Gordonsville.

Leave Richmond	7.15 A. M.
Leave western terminus	4.23 A. M.
Arrive in Richmond	3.45 P. M.
Arrive at western terminus	6.52 P. M.
The Freight Train leaves Richmond daily, except on Saturdays, at	6.00 P. M.
Arrives in Richmond, except on Mondays	8.45 A. M.

A Passenger Car will be attached to this train east of Gordonsville.

Passengers for Augusta Springs leave the road at Staunton;

Passengers for Natural Bridge, Rockbridge Baths and Alum Springs at Goshen;

Passengers for Bath Alum, Warm, Hot, and Healing Springs at Millboro';

Passengers for White, and Salt Sulphur, and Sweet Springs at western terminus.

The arrangements with stages are such as to avoid night travel after 9 P. M. in all cases.

Through tickets sold to all the above points. Also, to all prominent points in the Southwest, to Washington and northern cities, and to prominent points in the Valley of Virginia, and on the Orange and Alexandria railroad.

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Nov 1867—3t*

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Nov.—3m*

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Richmond, Va.

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CHEMIST,

Keep Constantly on hand

OLD DOMINION FERTILIZER,

An Ammoniated Super-phosphate of Lime, containing 4 per cent. Ammonia,

PHOSPHO-PERUVIAN GUANO,

A manipulated Guano, containing 8 per cent. Ammonia,

Pure ground Plaster.

TERMS CASH.—Orders respectfully solicited.

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Oct 1867—3m*

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ANALYTICAL CHEMIST

OFFICE OF THE SOUTHERN FERTILIZING COMPANY, 14TH STREET.,

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TYPE, STEREOTYPE, & ELECTROTYPE

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And Printers' Furnishing Warehouse,

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TYPE WARRANTED EQUAL TO ANY MADE.

Old Type taken in exchange for new at 15 cents per pound, if delivered free of charge.

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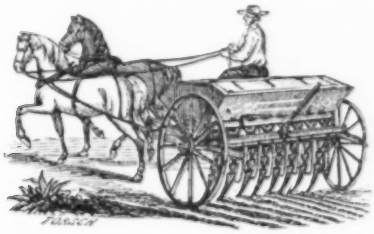

With Compost Attachment and Grass Seed Sower.

OUR DRILL is universally approved wherever used, and has never failed in a single instance of giving entire satisfaction. An important advantage our Drill possesses over all others, is, that by means of a series of marked gear wheels the quantity of seed per acre is regulated and the quantity controlled by simply changing one gear wheel for another, and when the proper gear wheel is on, the operator can go ahead and sow with an absolute certainty of getting on the requisite quantity of seed, without the trouble of measuring off a portion of his land, and experimenting a long time to get it right, in fact it goes off the first time invariably, and we wish it distinctly understood, we warrant our Drills to sow with mathematical accuracy whether the land be rough or smooth, up hill or down, side hill or level, driven fast or slow. The advantage of drilling over broadcast sowing, at this age of improvement, need hardly be alluded to, but were there nothing gained by increase of crops, the amount of seed saved, and the labor of harrowing after broadcasting would of itself warrant the expense of a Drill for each 100 acres sowed. Our Drill sows from 4 to 16 pecks to the acre. It sows wheat, rye, oats, barley, &c., and is so constructed as to plant corn or beans in drills by simply shutting off the feed to as many tubes as you desire. We have in our possession certificates from practical and scientific farmers recommending our Drill for planting corn, and it is believed to be the only Drill so constructed as to perform this work in a satisfactory manner.

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The principle and arrangement of this attachment, is the result of much careful research, and numerous costly experiments by us. The great affinity of Guano for moisture, and its sticky nature when moist, renders it extremely difficult to be sown by a machine, and in fact all the machines heretofore introduced have failed to distribute Guano except in a dry state. The great simplicity, as well as durability of this attachment, together with its certainty of action with Guano and other fertilizers either in a dry or damp state, renders it certainly the most desirable machine yet offered to a discerning public. This attachment will also distribute Lime, Plaster, Ashes, or any of the manufactured manures, such as the Phosphates, &c., &c., either in Drills with the Grain, or broadcast without the Drill tubes. With the late improvements, it will sow, with the Grain, from 50 to 400 lbs., to the acre. The desired quantity may be regulated with accuracy, by a slide and notches. When set at the first notch, it will distribute 50 lbs., and by moving the slide one notch, the quantity delivered will be 75 lbs., to the acre, and so on, each notch increasing the quantity 25 lbs. Here too is a great saving of expense in the use of the Drill, to say nothing of the relief which any one must appreciate who has sown Guano by hand. It is acknowledged by all close observers, that one-half the quantity of Guano usually sown broadcast, will suffice when sown with Drills, and in the furrow with the Grain. Plain and perfect instructions fon a printed card accompany each machine. It also sows GRASS and CLOVER SEED.

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Dec—1867—tf

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SOLUBLE

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Sold by Agents in all the markets of the United States, and by local dealers generally.

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Watches and Jewelry Repaired at short Notice.

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SUCCESSORS TO ALEX. GADDESS,

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Monuments, Tombs and Head Stones of American and Italian Marble of Original Design, always on hand.

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Lombard and Concord-Sts.

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REFER TO

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Nov.—6t*

McDOWELL & BAECHTEL,

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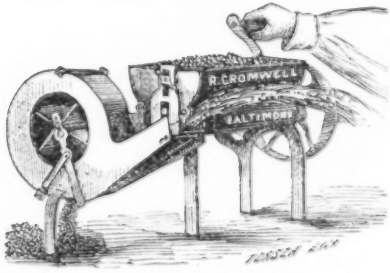
FAMILY HOMINY MILL WITH FAN ATTACHMENT.



THIS FAMILY HOMINY MILL was invented some years since, and has constantly been improved, until it is a perfect Machine. It combines in its manufacture, Durability, Strength, Reliability, and Simplicity. It is considered the best MILL of its kind, made in America. Hundreds of farmers in all the States testify to its making "the very best Table Hominy, and say it is a complete success; and that every Farmer should buy one." As EXCLUSIVE SOLE AGENT for the United States, I keep constantly on hand, a full stock of the above MILLS; The Trade supplied at liberal discount. Full Directions accompany each Mill. Retail Price, in Baltimore, for each Mill, $8.

RICHARD CROMWELL,

Dealer in Agricultural Implements, Field and Garden Seeds, and Proprietor of Patapsco Nursery, 46 and 48 Light street, **Baltimore. Md.**

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GUANO AND FERTILIZERS,

THE undersigned respectfully calls the attention of the Planting Community to his Fertilizing compounds, and confidently asserts their superior excellence.

For several years before the war he was engaged with John Kettlewell, Esq., now deceased, in the preparation of Fertilizers, and none attained to a more excellent reputation than the

KETTLEWELL MANIPULATED GUANO,

and deservedly so, when the composition of this valuable preparation is made known. Simply, an intimate combination of *choice Peruvian* and *Phosphatic Guano*, by costly machinery, with the addition now of absorbent *Alkali* as advised by eminent counsel. In the re-introduction of this compound in 1865, further testimony has been added setting forth its great value in the production of *Wheat, Corn, Cotton, Tobacco, &c.*, and now challenges competition with any compound, not excepting Peruvian Guano in the production of *all crops* and permanent improvement of land. The theory advanced by Mr. Kettlewell, introducing the manipulated Guano in reducing the Ammonia of the Peruvian Guano and increasing the Bone Phosphate of Lime is now accepted by a vast number of planters as the proper mode of application. In the border and gulf States universal testimony is accredited. It produces more grain of better quality than Peruvian Guano pound for pound—as a permanent Fertilizer admits of no comparison—beautifully prepared for drill or broadcast.

AMMONIATED ALKALINE PHOSPHATE,

A GENERAL MANURE.

☞ SEE ANALYSIS OF DR. A. S. PIGGOTT.

A universal manure extensively used in the Cotton States for Cotton.

Alkaline Phosphate,

Very rich in Potash, Soda, Phosphate, Chlorine, &c.

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A great manure for Cotton. Tobacco, Root and Grass crops.

POTASH AND PLASTER COMBINED IN BBLS.

PURE GROUND PLASTER IN BBLS.

I have nothing to conceal and earnestly invite all planters to investigate my works, material, &c.

Prices in Baltimore---Cash.

Kettlewell's A. A. M. Guano, half and half	$70	pr.	Ton,	2000 lbs.
" A. " " ¼ and ¾	60	"	"	"
Ammoniated Alkaline Phosphate	55	"	"	"
Alkaline Phosphate	45	"	"	"

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Reference to agents, consumers and mercantile community of our city, also to Gen. D. H. Hill, of this magazine.

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REFERENCES:—Gen. R. E. Lee, Va., Gen. Rob't. Ransom, N. C., Bishop Wilmer, La., Rev. Mr. Phillips, Staunton, Va., Rev. C. B. Riddick, N. C. [Oct 1867—3m*

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

THE following extracts are from the testimony, taken under oath, in a recent case pending before the United States Patent Office, upon the actual merits of the Grover & Baker Sewing machine, and its relative merits as compared with other machines:

Mrs. Dr. McCready says:—"I have used, for nine years, a Grover & Baker Machine, and upon it I have done all kinds of family sewing for the house, for my children and husband, besides a great deal of fancy work, as braiding, quilting, and embroidering. During all that time my machine has never needed repair, except when I had the tension altered, and it is as good now as it was the first day I bought it."

* * * * * * * *

"I am acquainted with the work of all the principal machines, including Wheeler & Wilson's, Finkle & Lyon's, Wilcox & Gibbs', Ladd & Webster's, the Florence machines, and Sloat's machines, besides a number of ten dollar ones; and I prefer the Grover and Baker to them all, because I consider the stitch more elastic. I have work now in the house which was done nine years ago, which is still good; and I have never found any of my friends who have used the other machines able to say the same thing."

Mrs. Andrews testifies:—"I prefer it to all other machines I have known anything about, for the ease and simplicity with which it operates and is managed; for the perfect elasticity of the stitch; the ease with which the work can be ripped, if desired, and still retain its strength when the thread is cut, or accidently broken; its adaptation to different kinds of work, from fine to coarse, without change of needle or tension."

Mrs. Maria J. Keane, of the house of Natalie Tilman & Co., says:—"Our customers all prefer the Grover & Baker Machine, for durability and beauty of stitch."

Mrs. Jennie C. Croly ("Jenny June") says:—"I prefer it to any machine. I like the Grover & Baker Machine in the first place, because if I had any other I should still want a Grover & Baker; and having a Grover and Baker, it answers the purpose of all the rest. It does a great variety of work, and it is easier to learn than any other. I like the stitch because of its beauty and strength, and because, although it can be taken out, it don't rip, not even by cutting every other stitch."

Over one hundred other witnesses in the case above referred to testified to the superiorty of the Grover & Baker Machine in the points named in substantially the same language, and thousands of letters have been received from all parts of the world, stating the same facts,

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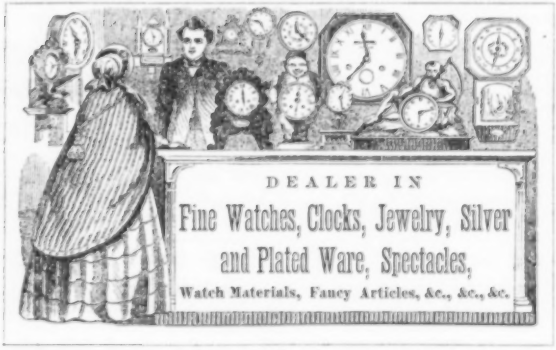

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Nov 1867—6m

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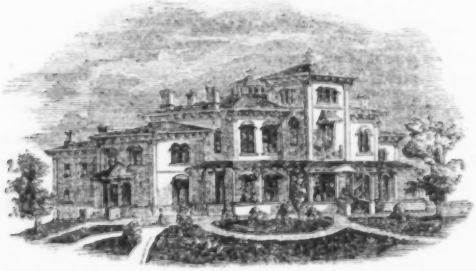

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